The Outlook

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A WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

The Outlook proposes to enable its readers to follow easily and clearly the events of the European war now going on—the greatest war of modern history.

Its war correspondent will be Arthur Bullard, and his headquarters will be New York City.

There are sound reasons for the unique method chosen for telling the war history. The old-time war correspondent is an anachronism; the species is practically extinct. The correspondent, like MacGahan or Alexander Forbes, who followed closely after an army, saw battles, and told what his eyes saw, is under modern war conditions impossible. The Russo-Japanese War showed that. Newspaper writers are not now allowed to go to the front; they can see little if they do get there; they are not allowed to write or telegraph freely. The military censor and the new military science stand in the correspondent's way at every turn. Moreover, in such a war as is now on a dozen correspondents in several countries and at a dozen different points would be needed to make anything like an adequate survey.

The Outlook's plan is this: Our "war correspondent" will from week to week tell in moderate space and with the assistance of maps, in special signed articles, the history of the war as it takes place. He will study the news despatches, will read the foreign papers, will utilize his wide knowledge of the countries and cities involved, and will make an account which we are confident will be readable, simple, clear, and far closer to events than could be any series of letters from abroad.

Arthur Bullard has special qualifications for this task. Mr. Bullard is better known to The Outlook's readers and to the general reading public under his pen-name, Albert Edwards. Under this name Mr. Bullard, as special correspondent, contributed to The Outlook a notable series of articles on the Balkan War, including special letters from Athens, Constantinople, and Sofia. Then and in other missions abroad he had exceptional opportunities to gain knowledge of the conditions in the Near East and the racial and political questions which lie at the root of the present war, while his acquaintance with western Europe and the war territory there is also extensive. Mr. Bullard's Balkan articles are admittedly among the very best contributions to the history of that time. Equally valuable was his series of articles on the Panama Canal printed in The Outlook in 1907, while his many sketches and stories of Morocco, Algeria, and the Caribbean have established his reputation as a writer of rare literary quality and charm. His books on "Panama" and "The Barbary Coast" include many of the sketches and articles which have appeared in

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The Outlook; his novels "A Man's World" and "Comrade Yetta" have had a wide reading and deal with social questions in an original and dramatic manner.

THE WEEK

THE WAR IN EUROPE

With the declaration of war on Monday of last week by Germany against Great Britain and by Great Britain against Germany, the lines were drawn for the tremendous war of nations. On one side stand Germany and Austria; on the other, Russia, France, Great Britain, Servia, and Belgium; Italy has declared its neutrality, as was foreshadowed in The Outlook last week, for its anti-Austrian sentiment made the slender bond of the Triple Alliance of no force when it was asked to join Austria in oppressing Servia even as Italy was once oppressed by Austria. Already this war has illustrated in the case of Italy and in Germany's disregard of the rights of Luxemburg and Belgium the old apothegm, "*Inter arma leges silent*"—international laws as expressed in treaties and alliances are of no avail in war when national self-interests dictate their abandonment.

Austria's invasion of Servia was checked by the need of gathering her armies against Russia. There had been no occupation of Belgrade up to August 6; fighting took place at Semendria, east of Belgrade on the Servian-Austrian frontier, and the Servians claim to have defeated Austria's troops; fighting also has gone on along the Drina River, which runs north and south between Servia and Bosnia (Austrian); Austrian attempts to cross the Drina River were, Servian despatches say, repulsed at two or more points.

The course of European events after Austria's declaration of war on Servia was startlingly rapid. Briefly, Russia instantly armed for the conflict; Germany strenuously demanded Russia's intentions and (so the Kaiser asserts) tried to mediate between Austria and Russia, well knowing that it was in vain, as also were England's sincere attempts to bring about a European conference of the Powers; Russia refused to give Germany any assurance of peaceful intentions; thereupon Germany withdrew her Ambassador from St. Petersburg, formally announced mobilization—actual mobilization, or what amounted to it, was already under way—and declared war against Russia; France, true to her ally and stirred by the old hostility to Germany, prepared for war, and as Germany was rapidly pushing her forces to the French border, if not over it, diplomatic relations between the two countries were broken off at Paris and Berlin and the French Government declared a state of war to exist. Both sides claim that aviators and scouting parties invaded their countries before hostilities were declared.

GERMANY'S ADVANCE

Germany's army movements are necessarily in two general directions. Against Russia a German army moved to Germany's southeastern border, north of which Russian Poland juts into the German line; in this vicinity, and also on the northeastern border of Germany, skirmishing, but no serious conflict, has taken place as we write. Russia on her southern border is faced by Austria. It is generally predicted that Germany as against Russia will for the present maintain a defensive rather than an aggressive campaign, and that Russia, as of old, will move slowly to the attack.

On France Germany's attack has been fierce and sharp. The German-French border itself is comparatively short. From Switzerland to Belgium, along the once French, now German, provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, is not much over two hundred miles, and the French border is lined with stupendous French fortifications (now said to be of a somewhat old type) and guarded heavily by French forces. Germany had evidently long planned to outflank this border defense, and she has tried to do this by throwing treaty obligations to the wind and sending her troops by rail (Germans own the road) through the little Duchy of Luxemburg, whose neutrality and sovereignty were declared by the London Treaty of 1867, and by threatening the invasion of Belgium, upon the neutrality of which (also guarded by treaty) Europe's balance of power has long rested. Thus Germany would invade France by the Belgian and not

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the Franco-German frontier, because it thinks that the Franco-Belgian frontier is the more vulnerable. Fighting has taken place on a small scale on the French frontier. Belgian despatches state that the Germans are moving in force on Liége, that Belgian troops have defeated the Germans near Spa, and have destroyed a German armored train.

ENGLAND AT WAR

But what about England? Bound to France by the *entente cordiale*, she was even more bound by consideration of her own future to protect Belgium from invasion. Were Germany to seize parts of Belgium and Holland after the war and establish herself directly on the North Sea, England's supremacy on the sea would be at an end. Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, at once announced in the House of Commons that Great Britain would not allow Germany's fleet to attack the French coast, and that even more would it insist that Belgium's neutrality should be respected. Germany's reply was to issue an ultimatum to Belgium, demanding permission to pass its troops through Belgian territory. Belgium refused and flew to arms in a fervor of patriotism. Then (on August 3) came the expected break between Germany and Great Britain. War was declared by both; the British House of Commons with immense enthusiasm voted a war credit of $525,000,000; and the word was sent to the British fleet, "Capture or destroy the enemy." Viscount Morley and John Burns, the labor leader, have resigned from the Ministry because of their opposition to the war.

THE WAR AT SEA

Will the enormous fleets of Great Britain and Germany fight a sea battle such as the world has never seen, or will the German fleet, inferior to England's in power and number, "bottle itself up" in the Baltic, to which it has easy access through the Kiel Canal? The answer may be known before these words are read. Expert opinion, as we write, inclines to the latter view. France's naval force is partly in the Mediterranean (whence its ships may perhaps ascend the Adriatic and attack Trieste and other Austrian ports); partly it is ready to aid England in the Channel and the North Sea. German ships in the Baltic have bombarded the Russian port of Libau, and French war-ships have captured the fine German battle cruiser Goeben and one or two other ships in the Mediterranean. Even in the Far East, on the one side, and American waters, on the other, there is possibility of conflict between war-ships of the battling nations. In the East, Japan has declared her intention of maintaining her treaty obligations to England, and this may mean a clash between Japanese and German war-ships if the latter attack British ports or vessels.

The merchant and passenger ships also have their dangers and adventures. Romantic and not without a comic element was the voyage of the North German Lloyd steamship Kronprinzessin Cecilie which sailed for Bremen from New York with over $10,000,000 in gold before the war was on. After having been reported as captured by the French, as being "escorted" into Southampton by English war-ships, and as skirting the north of Scotland, she suddenly appeared at Bar Harbor, Maine; her run through fog at full speed with lights out and horn silent was not only exciting but dangerous. Romantic, too, was the silent departure from New York of the German liner Kronprinz Wilhelm with no passengers and no more lights than the law demands, bound, ostensibly at least, for Bremen; and of the Cunarder Lusitania, which sailed from New York the day war was declared by Great Britain and was said to be awaited outside New York by British war-ships to protect her against German war-ships known to be cruising in the vicinity. Some naval experts even predict a battle off our coast in which three German, two British, and two French cruisers, all believed to be in American waters, might take part. It is quite probable that individual or small squadron fights may occur in almost any part of the globe; but the great battle-ships are held in formidable fleets, for modern naval theories hold that to crush once for all the enemy's main battle line is the one way to succeed in war.

AMERICANS ABROAD

Many thousands of American tourists, business men, and semi-permanent residents abroad have suffered not merely anxiety and inconvenience but actual want because of the war. The rush to return was tremendous; almost every one wanted to sail at once, regardless of passage plans already made; at the same time the number of ships available for even ordinary travel was cut off by danger of capture. Railway travel to sailing ports became congested and passengers were

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glad to crowd into a stifling third-class compartment or even to ride in freight cars. But far worse was the immediate money trouble. In the flurry following the outbreak of war, bankers, railway people, and hotel men went to extremes in refusing to cash perfectly good letters of credit and express checks, and, it is said, in Paris and Berlin refused even British and American gold, and sometimes the paper money of their own countries.

Among the stranded Americans were three members of The Outlook's staff; one is supposed at this writing to be in Germany and one in Italy, but from neither of these two has a word come by cable, nor do we even know with certainty their whereabouts—a condition typical of what is occurring everywhere. The third is Mr. Ernest H. Abbott, of our editorial force, who was on his way to the proposed Church Peace Conference at Constance when the impending war made that Conference impossible and drove Mr. Abbott from Paris to London. Thence the day when England declared war we received from him the following cable message: "German aggression is responsible for appalling situation. England and France should have support of American opinion. Neither want war. Both stand for maintenance of civilized standards which are at stake."

A meeting of two thousand Americans in London called on the United States Government to take measures to protect and help Americans abroad. On Thursday the United States cruiser Tennessee sailed from New York with over $5,000,000 in gold and twenty-five army officers to superintend relief measures. President Wilson asked Congress to appropriate $2,500,000 for the relief of Americans in Europe. War vessels and passenger ships will be provided at European ports to bring home Americans who cannot get passage by regular lines. The Secretary of the Treasury arranged last week to place $300,000 at the disposal of the American Ambassador in London for the relief of stranded Americans. He also formed a plan by which friends in this country of Americans abroad could deposit funds at the Treasury and Sub-Treasuries, to be drawn against in Europe when the Tennessee's gold arrives there.

By these and other methods the strain will doubtless be relieved, but the suffering has already been great, and when one remembers that the sufferers are neutrals, not partisans, friendly visitors, willing and anxious to pay their own way, with perfectly good credit vouchers, it seems one of the most needless injuries of war that they should be so harassed.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found an "International Symposium" in which several well-informed writers give the points of view as regards the war of several of the countries engaged in the struggle. Editorials entitled "The War Against Popular Rights" and "The Duties of the United States" present The Outlook's own views on these important subjects.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE WAR

At a meeting of the Progressive party of the State of New York held in New York City on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Roosevelt made the following eloquent statement of the spirit of patriotism and co-operation which should actuate all Americans at this time. It will have the approval, we are sure, of all good citizens, irrespective of party, creed, or race:

> I regret that of recent years the policies which I and those like me believed to be essential for the welfare, the honor, and the greatness of the American people have not been more faithfully carried out. But all that is past now and is neither here nor there in this crisis. At the moment the United States, as one of the great nations of the world, faces a crisis which has already involved in war almost all the other great nations of the world. Friends, we have our troubles here, but let us be thankful beyond measure that we are citizens of this Republic, and that our burdens, though they may be heavy, are far lighter than those that must be borne by the men and women who live in other and less fortunate countries.
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> I, for one, will act, and I am sure I am stating your feelings when I say that the men and women of the Progressive party will act, throughout this crisis primarily as American citizens, and will work hand in hand with any public man, with any public servant, and with any and all private citizens who, in good faith and disinterestedly, do all that is possible to see that the United States comes through this crisis unharmed, and so conducts herself as to conserve the honor and the interest of her own citizens and, so far as may be, to help in securing peace and justice for all the nations of mankind.

JEAN JAURÈS, SOCIALIST LEADER

Jean Jaurès, the French Socialist leader, who was assassinated in Paris on July 31, was

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in many ways a fortunate man. Born to a life of ease, a prize-winner in youth, a dazzling memory to his masters and associates of the École Normale Supérieure, victorious at the polls when barely twenty-six, he became the most spectacular orator of his country; the most talked-about member of his party; a brilliant poet, critic, philosopher, and historian. At fifty-five, before the faintest shadow of decline had touched his robust physique or his scintillating intellect, he met death at the hands of a fanatical, semi-idiotic youth. A portrait appears on another page.

An intellectual *par excellence* and the idol of "advanced" intellectuals, Jaurès dazzled his century but failed to make a deep impression upon it. His ready flow of fascinating, compelling eloquence distracted too often the attention of his hearers from the brain where it originated. Lesser intellects have been credited with greater depths. To primitive minds unfamiliar with dialectic Jaurès's mental attitude was distinctly jarring. He emphatically claimed the privilege of modifying his beliefs or policies to meet changing conditions. To the materialists he threw as a challenge his idealistic book on "The Reality of the Knowable World." Before the Amsterdam Congress of 1904, dominated entirely by Marxist dogmatism, Jaurès presented his leaning towards practical methods and useful political coalitions. And yet he never saw his following diminish appreciably.

Fifteen years ago he wrote that collectivism could be gradually ushered into the world by developing certain practices of bourgeois society and interpreting more broadly certain articles of its statutes. Guesde thundered at him the epithet of "bourgeois." Fourteen days before his death Jaurès declared before the Socialist party assembled that to sober the jingo element bent on taking up arms against Germany a general anti-war strike should be declared. The party approved that move towards revolutionary syndicalism and direct action; France roared with anger, and Guesde called Jaurès an Anarchist; and then, on July 31, came the aftermath, the crack of the assassin's pistol. Jaurès's apparent inconsistencies made him an object of hatred to many. No one, however, impeached his motives. His life was free from scandal.

Husbanding very carefully the scant leisure time left by Parliamentary debates, propaganda tours, election campaigns, attendance at conferences of his group and congresses of the Socialist party, an extensive correspondence, and the preparation of daily articles for his organ "L'Humanité," Jaurès managed to write, besides many minor works, a story of the French Revolution in many bulky tomes and to edit a history of Socialism of encyclopædic import.

A COURAGEOUS CANDIDATE

Mr. Harvey D. Hinman, of New York State, has furnished an example of political courage which is to be commended to all men in political life. He is a candidate before the Republican primaries for nomination as Governor. His name will also go before the Progressive primaries with Mr. Roosevelt's backing. The women suffragists have asked for his views on woman suffrage. He has given them a perfectly plain and explicit answer. "I would," he says, "vote against it if it were before the people." To the question as to what he would do as Governor he declined to give an answer. And he was right. The action of a Governor or a President cannot always be determined beforehand by his personal opinion.

What the effect of Mr. Hinman's frank declaration will be on his candidacy before the Progressive primaries we have no means of foretelling. We hope, however, that the Progressive party this year in New York State will not load itself down with all the reforms which it has advocated in its past platforms; we hope that it will content itself, in New York State at least, in declaring for a clean sweep of all the base and corrupt elements in both the political parties; against bossism, by which we mean, not the attempt to lead, but the attempt to dictate to the people; and in favor of a short ballot and a radical and effective direct primary as a means of securing this fundamental political reform; and then will invite all men, of whatever political party, and of whatever opinion on tariff, trusts, finance, woman suffrage, labor laws, and what not, to unite with them in this most fundamental of all political reforms.

THE WAR AVERTS A GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE

In one instance, at least, the wide-spreading influence of the world's war has produced a beneficial effect. President Wilson, in his plea to the committee of general managers

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of Western railways to accept the plan for arbitration between the railways and their striking employees recommended by the National Board of Mediation, laid special stress on the fact that, under the existing war conditions of the world, "the suspension of business on roads serving more than half the territory of the United States would be a calamity of incalculable magnitude." And the managers, in accepting this urgent plea, admitted that the unparalleled conditions which have now arisen made it their plain duty to accede to the President's request.

The dispute which is thus to be brought to arbitration is between the firemen and the engineers on ninety-eight railways operating west of Chicago and the managers of these roads. In October of last year the men made demands for increased pay, for a more acceptable basis of reckoning pay than that in existence, and for other concessions. They based their demands largely on the increase in cost of living. The railways also brought forward the increased cost of railway operation as a reason for refusal, declaring that the increase would amount to thirty-three million dollars a year. The roads affected own one hundred and forty thousand miles of railway.

Danger of an immediate strike was averted by an appeal to the Federal Board of Mediation, which was established over a year ago under the Newlands Amendment to the Erdman Law. Both sides presented their cases to the Board of Mediation, and that Board recommended a plan of arbitration to be agreed upon by the two parties to the controversy. This plan, in effect, provided for the continuing of schedules and methods of payment of wages up to October 10, 1913, and the reference of those demands of the two organizations to a Board of Arbitration to be formed under the Newlands Amendment —that is, to consist of two representatives of each party, who should together select two others, to form a board of six. The engineers and firemen promptly accepted this plan, but the managers of the railways refused to accept it, chiefly (as we understand it) on the ground that certain claims made by the railways later than October 10, 1913, should be included.

The railway employees were greatly irritated by the refusal of the managers to accept the terms of arbitration, and a poll of the members of the unions taken last month showed that they were almost unanimous in favor of a strike. A strike was actually ordered to begin on August 7, but, through the efforts of the Board of Mediation, representatives of the two parties were seen and argued with by President Wilson. The result of these interviews and of the President's plea above quoted has been mutual consent to arbitration, on the plan originally proposed by the Federal Board of Mediation. While this Board is still limited in its powers of action, its value to the public at large has been shown repeatedly; and this value comes largely from the natural unwillingness of a party to a great industrial dispute to accept the responsibility and the odium of refusing a fair proposal made by a board of impartial mediators.

CAN GEORGIA DO IT?

Attempting to wipe out Georgia's disgrace of being the State with perhaps the most barbarous child labor law in the country, a majority of the Georgia House on July 24 passed a child labor bill which has the indorsement of the National Child Labor Committee as well as the approval of all the people of the State whose humanity is stronger than their greed. Other child labor bills have passed the Georgia House in previous years, but in every case the Senate, obedient to the mill-owners of the State, has killed or emasculated the legislation. This time, however, it looks as if public opinion were strong enough to make the Senate toe the mark.

In 1906 a law was passed in Georgia prohibiting the working of children under twelve years of age, with the large loophole, however, that if a child had a widowed mother or a dependent father it was allowed the privilege of working eleven hours a day from the age of ten on. This clause in the bill made it absolutely useless. Every lazy mill hand who had children managed to get employment for them while he did nothing himself; consequently most of the children in the mill districts continued to work. The ten-year limit was a farce, and the recent investigations of the National Child Labor Committee and of the Atlanta "Georgian," which has sponsored the new bill and fought valiantly for it, show that forty-four per cent of the white children in the mill districts are illiterate. In the meantime the Negro children have been becoming better educated. The whites would not work in the mills with

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them, and the Negroes went to school while the whites worked.

If the bill now before the Senate gets by that body without losing any teeth, it will establish a fourteen-year age limit for factories, laundries, and places of amusement, and a sixteen-year age limit for night work instead of the existing fourteen-year limit for such labor. It will also require children under sixteen to secure employment certificates before they may be employed. Such certificates are not issued unless the child is of the required age and can read and write.

An unusual feature of the campaign to get the bill passed has been the support it has received from the newly organized mill operatives, who heretofore have not dared to oppose the mill-owners. One of the demands of the strikers in the Fulton Bag Mills was the elimination of children under fourteen from the mills.

If the Senate does its part, Georgia will cease to be classed with Alabama, the Carolinas, and Louisiana as a State in which humanity toward child laborers has seemed somewhat conspicuous by its absence. The question is, Can Georgia do it? We hope so.

FRANKLIN W. HOOPER

In the death of Dr. Franklin W. Hooper Brooklyn loses a citizen to whom it owes a great debt. He was at once a product and a minister of democracy. The Brooklyn Institute, based on the previous Graham Institute, was, it might be said, really founded by Dr. Hooper and by him brought to its present position of eminent usefulness. We do not know of any other educational organization quite like it. It combines some of the features of a Chautauqua Assembly with some of the features of the Lowell Institute in Boston, but, unlike the Chautauqua Assembly, it lasts throughout the year save for a summer vacation, and, unlike the Lowell Institute, it had originally no endowment, though of late years it has been aided by State legislation and municipal appropriations. These aids, however, it did not receive until, under Dr. Hooper's wise and efficient administration, it had proved its worth.

We have not before us any recent report of this remarkable institution, but we believe ourselves safe in saying that from early fall until late spring it furnishes to the people of Brooklyn an average of three lectures a day, including under the term "lectures" musical entertainments of a high order, sometimes accompanied with direct instruction. The Institute is now so thoroughly organized that the people of Brooklyn may reasonably hope that its trustees will find a leader to follow Dr. Hooper who will be able to continue the service which he has rendered to them along the lines which his originating genius has indicated.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF STEAM LOCOMOTION

July 25, 1814, is generally considered the date of the beginning of steam locomotion. On that day George Stephenson's first engine, the "Blucher," before an admiring crowd that lined the tracks of the Killingworth Railway, in the coal country of the Tyne, hauled eight loaded carriages with a combined weight of thirty tons on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450 at a speed of four miles an hour. Credit for constructing the first locomotive must be given to Richard Trevithick, another Englishman, whose wheezy, shaky engine made one or two trips over a road of iron plates in 1804; but the maiden trip of the "Blucher" proved the commercial possibilities of the locomotive, and Stephenson is generally regarded as the "Father of Railways."

Trevithick was not the only one before Stephenson to build a traveling engine. Blenkinsop's contraption, which was propelled by a cog-wheel working on a rack-rail, is said to have hauled thirty loaded coal wagons at a speed of three and a half miles an hour on a level, and William Hedley's "Puffing Billy" and "Hylam Dilly" were an advance over this and disproved the fiction that a smooth wheel could not get sufficient purchase on a smooth track to pull a train. But for Stephenson's invention of the steam blast and multitubular boiler, however, locomotives would still be straining to make a bare five or six miles an hour.

The story of Stephenson's life, which Samuel Smiles tells better than any one else, is a fascinating one. He was born on June 9, 1781, in the little village of Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. His father was a laborer in the mines, and so poor that one large room was the quarters for the entire family of eight. When a small boy, Stephenson modeled engines of clay, and at fifteen he was a fireman on a pumping-engine. At eighteen he learned to read in order that he might know more of the engines of Boulton and Watt, which were being much talked of

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in the collieries. He was always tinkering with machinery, from clocks to steam-engines, and erelong his skill earned him the sobriquet of "engine doctor."

After the successful trial of the "Blucher," Stephenson built several engines, his "Rocket" in 1829 winning the famous competitive trial of locomotives on the new Liverpool and Manchester Railway, for which he was chief engineer. He became chief or consulting engineer for nearly every railway that was opened, until his retirement to devote his declining years to farming on his country place at Tapton House, where he died in 1848.

In the United States, which probably owes more to the railway than any other country, July 24, 1914, the last day of a century of steam locomotion, was appropriately celebrated when a new 410-ton centipede locomotive of the Erie Railroad pulled 250 loaded cars weighing 21,000 tons a distance of forty miles at a speed of fifteen miles an hour. This is said to be a world's record. At any rate, it is quite an advance over the trial trip of the "Blucher."

THE HEBREW IN THE ARMY AND NAVY

The incorporation of the Army and Navy Young Men's Hebrew Association recently called attention to the prominent part that the Jew is coming to take in the two main branches of our National military service and in the National Guard of the States. According to the estimate of the founders of the Association, there are fifteen thousand Jews in the army and navy, and considerably more than that number in the National Guard.

It is to the credit of the Association that while the primary motive of its founders was the very proper one of looking after the general welfare of the Jewish fighting man, in its declaration of purposes are the following:

1. To encourage patriotism.
2. To secure employment for all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors.
3. To establish and arrange for social centers near army and navy stations.

The Association also proposes to secure chaplains of the Hebrew faith for the Jewish soldiers and sailors, to provide yearly Passover dinners for the fighters of the race, and to publish a weekly paper for them in order that they may be kept in touch with the conditions and problems that the Jew faces the world over.

Among the directors of the Association, which will have its headquarters in New York City, are several men of more than local reputation, such as Isaac N. Seligman, Joseph Barondess, Major Jacob E. Bloom, U. S. A. (retired), and Marcus M. Marks.

Whenever in some far-off part of the world, like the Philippines or Mexico, the men of the American army and navy are called upon to deal with some fracas in which sufficient blood is shed to lead the newspapers at home to chronicle the affair, one is struck by the fact that usually among the lists of dead and wounded are the names of men springing from widely varying racial stocks, including the Hebrew. Such institutions as the Army and Navy Young Men's Hebrew Association, which preserve the best traditions of the race while at the same time fostering loyalty to the adopted country, deserve the encouragement of every one who wants to see the component parts of this Nation welded together into indestructible union rather than torn apart by the racial feuds of the past.

CARING FOR THE NATIONAL PARKS

The recent appointment of Mark Daniels, of California, to be General Superintendent and Landscape Engineer of National Parks was the result of a desire on the part of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane, to secure more uniform management of these reserves, as well as to place the work of their development in the hands of a man fitted for the task by training and temperament.

Mr. Daniels, who is thirty-three years old, is a graduate of the University of California, and also of Harvard, where he took a special course. He is the head of a firm of civil and mining engineers, and has devoted much study to city planning. In the designing of residence parks and handsome homes along unconventional lines he has attained distinction, and by harmoniously blending the beautiful and utilitarian has set a high standard of civic and suburban art. He aspires to realize the ideal by making it practical, and is an adept in materializing his artistic conceptions. His executive ability has been demonstrated by his success in private enterprises, and he enters upon his public duties ambitious to so develop the National parks that they will become more popular scenic attractions than the landscape features of the Old World, which divert from America many millions of dollars annually.

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THE WAR AGAINST POPULAR RIGHTS

The Outlook gives elsewhere in an international symposium views taken of the war by Balkan, German, Russian, Russian Jewish, and French opinion. We here accompany these views with our own interpretation.

History will hold the German Emperor responsible for the war in Europe. Austria would never have made her indefensible attack on Servia if she had not been assured beforehand of the support of Germany. The German Emperor's consent to co-operate with England in mediation would have halted Austria's advance. His refusal was notice to all Europe that Germany was Austria's ally in her predetermined attack on Servia. When Russia was seen to be preparing for a threatened war, Germany declared war against Russia. When France refused to pledge herself to neutrality, Germany made war on France. To doubt that Germany and Austria have been in practical alliance in this act of brigandage—for it deserves no better name—is to shut one's eyes to all signs. In order to make this war the Hague Treaty has been disregarded, the pledge to observe the neutrality of the Duchy of Luxemburg and the Kingdom of Belgium has been promptly violated. That this violation was part of the original plan of campaign is naïvely acknowledged by the Imperial Chancellor of Germany. In a speech to the German Parliament he has said, "Our troops have occupied Luxemburg and perhaps have already advanced into Belgian territory. This is against the law of nations. . . . The injustice that we thereby committed we shall rectify as soon as our military object is achieved."

Austria wanted Servia and proposed to take it, and Germany undertook to prevent other European Powers from interfering. While the burglar enters the house and takes possession his confederate keeps watch outside and warns the neighbors not to interfere.

The charge that Servia contrived the assassination of the Crown Prince of Austria has not a shred of evidence in its support. No evidence has been so much as offered. It is not even a specious pretext. Burke has said that it is impossible to indict a nation. This indictment of Servia, inherently incredible, is made more so by the avowed policy of the murdered Prince. If the interesting article by Mr. W. F. Johnson in the New York "Tribune" of August 2 may be trusted, it was the purpose of that Prince, whenever he should come to the throne, to convert the dual monarchy into a federated kingdom; to unite Hungary, Bohemia, and Croatia with Austria in one fraternal union, as Wales and Scotland have been united, and as the Liberal party is endeavoring to unite Ireland with England. To-day the seventeen million Slavs in Austria-Hungary are under the despotic authority of the nine million Germans.

The Supreme Court of the United States has laid down the principle that the intent of an actor may be reasonably deduced from the inevitable consequences of his action. The inevitable consequences of the Austro-Germanic alliance, if it is successful, it requires no prophet to foresee. It would put an end to all hope of a Balkan Confederacy. It would reduce the Balkan States to provinces of Germany and Austria. It would make Belgium and Holland Germanic provinces, as Finland has been made a Russian province. It would result either in a close alliance or, more probably, in an organic union between Austria and Germany. It would create a Germanic Empire which would extend from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It would bring all Europe under the domination of this Germanic Empire, as all southern Europe was under the domination of Rome in the first century, and as Napoleon endeavored to bring all eastern Europe under his personal domination in the last century. It would reduce Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and England to subordinate positions, if not to dependencies. It would banish from all eastern Europe for the time the democratic movement of which France and England are the leaders. It would discourage the hopes of democracy in Spain, Italy, and Russia. It would enthrone autocracy from the Atlantic coast to Siberia and from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. For the statesmanship of Gladstone, Gambetta, and Cavour it would substitute the statesmanship of Metternich and Bismarck. This aim we cannot better define than by quoting a single sentence from "On War of To-Day," published last year by a German retired military officer. Speaking of the Japanese, he says: "It was, above all, their boldness which paralyzed the arm of their far superior enemy, and made them by one stroke the dominating race of eastern Asia, the same as I hope the German people will assert and maintain itself as the dominat-

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ing race of Europe." Because the German Emperor combines with remarkable ability for organization this mediæval ambition to dominate all Europe, he is the greatest personal peril of the century to popular liberty and human development.

On the other hand, if the Germanic scheme is defeated, no such control of Europe would be possible to the allied Powers, and none such would be desired by them. England, France, and Russia could never unite to exercise a mastery over Europe. The supremacy of the people would receive a new impulse not only in the victorious but in the defeated countries. A Balkan federation would become not only possible but probable. Either Austria would be broken up into separate kingdoms or the plan of the late Crown Prince would be carried out and a federated kingdom of free peoples would result. The suppressed democracy in Germany would receive a new endowment of power. And the European war and its significance, penetrating the consciousness of even the Russian peasantry, would communicate strength and intelligence to the democratic aspirations of that people.

We are far from asserting that all these results would follow the victory of either party to this war. We describe *tendencies* by their possible results. But we regard the conflict as one not merely involving historic racial jealousies, but also as one of autocracy, intelligent, capable, and highly organized, against aspiring but imperfectly organized democracy.

What are the prospects of the war?

The daily papers have given estimates of the military and naval forces of the several nations engaged. But these do not adequately represent the strength of the real parties to the conflict. There are three factors which have often exerted a powerful and sometimes a controlling influence in great campaigns, of which he who desires to forecast the future must take cognizance.

Mr. W. F. Johnson, from whose article we have already quoted, says that "scarcely once in her more than eleven centuries of existence has Austria been entirely successful in an aggressive war, unless through the aid of powerful allies;" and in a compact historical paragraph he verifies this statement. Nor do we recall in Austrian history any such great general as Wellington, or Napoleon, or von Moltke, or Garibaldi. Yet great campaigns are quite as often determined by the quality of leadership as by the number of men engaged. If Servia's forces should be commanded by a Robert E. Lee and the Austrian forces by a George B. McClellan, it is by no means certain that the smaller army might not be more than a match for the larger one. War both discovers commanders and develops them; what commanders this war will discover or develop no one can now even guess.

Not less important than the quality of the leadership is the quality of the men in the ranks. "According to that great leader Napoleon," said General Kuropatkin, "three-fourths of an army's success is due to the moral character of its soldiers." Napoleon's army illustrated the truth of this saying. So did Cromwell's army; so did the army of William of Orange in the Netherlands. It was because Europe forgot this truth that it expected gigantic Russia to crush Japan as a strong man crushes an eggshell in his hand. It is reported that the women of Servia have volunteered to fight with their husbands and brothers in the field. That they would add much to the fighting force is not probable. But the enthusiasm which their offer expresses and will inspire may add an entirely incalculable element to Servia's fighting force.

Nor is this popular enthusiasm confined to Servia. It has prevented Italy's unnatural alliance with Austria. It has inspired the unexpected and plucky resistance of Belgium. It has aroused the delayed but sturdy resolve of Great Britain. The action of Germany has united the moral judgment of Europe against her. In Germany's plea with Great Britain to allow her to violate the neutrality of Belgium, in the German Emperor's speech to his Imperial Parliament defending his course, the fact that the moral judgment of Europe condemns that course is tacitly recognized, and vain is the endeavor to dull the awakened conscience.

While it can be said that this war is one of a united Europe against Germany and Austria, it must be remembered that Austria is a house divided against itself. The seventeen million Slavs in the Austrian Empire are more likely to make a division in her enemy's favor than to add to her military strength. What the four million Socialists of Germany think of this war no one knows or will be allowed to know, but their radical allies in the rest of Europe are fused into one host by a passion for liberty. The war is not merely one of race against race.

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It is the war of a modern people against a mediæval autocracy. Even the pacifists are almost without exception for the war. The lovers of peace in all countries are in alliance against militarism. The people are arming to disarm the army of the absolutist. The moral sentiment of the civilized world is a military force not to be despised.

One other element which the skill of man cannot foresee and against which it cannot guard is perhaps more important than either skill in leadership or quality in the soldiers. Military history is full of illustrations of the fact quaintly expressed by the ancient Hebrew historian in the saying, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." It was the incoming of the sea which co-operated with William of Orange to save the Netherlands from Alva's army. The Spanish Armada was bravely and wisely fought by Drake and Hawkins; but, says the historian Green, "the work of destruction was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake." The storm completed what he had begun but could not have completed without its aid. After the battle of Trafalgar the English fleet was close to the rocks and, their cables shot away, had not an anchor ready. Lord Collingwood, who had succeeded to the command on the death of Nelson, wrote to his friend, "Providence did for us what no human effort could have done; the wind shifted a few points, and we drifted off the land." After the battle of Long Island the capture of General Washington and his entire army was imminent. An "unexampled fog" came out of the sea to hide the American army and prevent the advance of the British fleet, and lay between the two until the last detachment of the retreating army had made its escape.

History does not sustain Napoleon's saying that God is on the side of the strong battalions. The strong battalions were not with the Church when pagan Rome endeavored to destroy it; nor with the "tapsters and servingmen" who under Cromwell's leadership defeated the organized armies of the Stuarts; nor with the ill-clothed, ill-shod, ill-equipped soldiers of Washington who defeated the best troops England could draft or hire to subdue the American colonists. We do not undertake to interpret the will or purpose of the Almighty. But we believe with Hegel that God has a plan and that history is nothing but the working out of his plan in human affairs. And we believe that the Austrian Prime Minister and the German Emperor have made a fatal mistake in leaving this truth out of their reckoning in their endeavor to destroy the great democratic movement in Europe.

THE DUTIES OF THE UNITED STATES

The President has proclaimed the neutrality of the United States. Good. This is not our war. Let us keep out of it. But neutrals have rights to be defended and duties to be performed. The experience of Luxemburg and Belgium demonstrates that a neutral must have both power and courage to maintain its neutrality. War is ruthless. It respects nothing but force.

We must bear with patience inconveniences which are not the results of injustice. The Atlantic cables may be cut and prompt communication with Europe may cease. Our ships may be arrested on the high seas and searched for contraband of war. Our commerce may be excluded from blockaded ports. Our citizens may be impeded in their travel in war countries and arrested and detained on suspicion. All this is in accordance with what is grimly called "the laws of war," and must be endured with patience.

But what interferes with our rights ought not to be endured with patience, for a nation's rights are a nation's duties, and she may not relinquish duties. All honor to plucky Belgium for refusing to abandon her neutrality at the demand of Germany.

It is our first duty to bring home our fellow-citizens marooned in Europe. The whole country supports the Administration in using for this purpose Government money and Government vessels. Germany refuses to allow any foreigners to leave her country lest Germans escape from military duty or spies carry information to the enemy. We do not know what are the recognized rights of peaceable citizens of a neutral country temporarily traveling in a war country. Our State Department ought to know, and our Administration ought to maintain those rights by courteous but forceful representations. It is reasonable that Germany should detain all suspects, but it is not reasonable that she should detain all American women in Berlin because some unknown woman on the frontier is suspected of being a spy.

Our National duties do not end with protection and transportation for American citi-

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zens abroad. Neutrals have other undoubted rights: a right to free passage of their mails—letters, not parcels; to free passage on the high seas and through neutral countries of their peaceable citizens; to the unrestricted, unhindered commerce of goods not contraband; to entry into every port not actually blockaded—paper blockades do not count.

To maintain these and kindred rights, to perform these and kindred duties, our navy should be prepared for every emergency. It should be equipped and ready for service. Presumably it should be kept together, and where it can be instantly called into action. Its place is not in the Gulf of Mexico. We distrust the report, current at this writing, that the President hesitates to bring it North lest that might be regarded as an unfriendly act. Unfriendly to whom? Sending it into European waters could not justly be regarded as an unfriendly act. Its place might easily be there. Its place is wherever the need for it exists.

Land battles between England and France have in times past been fought on American soil, naval battles on American waters. The United States has a right—we are inclined to think, a duty—to forbid the transfer of this war to American soil or American waters. We have a right, should occasion arise, and may have a duty, to forbid the bombardment of any port or the landing of any aggressive force on territory in the Western Hemisphere. We cannot prevent the capture of ships on the high seas; but we have a right, in protecting ourselves and our neighbors, to protect the entire continent from a war either of vengeance or of conquest by any of the parties to this European conflict.

One other duty remains. The United States is economically the most independent country on the globe. Three things are necessary to life: food, clothing, shelter. We have within our territory all three: wheat and corn, eggs, cattle, and fruits for food; cotton and wool for clothing; lumber, iron, and stone for dwellings. We could live in comparative comfort though we were isolated from all the rest of the world.

But we have allowed ourselves to become absolutely dependent on other nations for international commerce. Servia, Austria, Germany, and perhaps Russia, are fighting partly to secure new pathways to the sea. We have unhindered pathways to the sea, but no ships to serve us when we get there. The paralysis of commerce by this European war should teach us a lesson. We should make ourselves commercially independent. The method is simple. It is to allow Americans to buy American ships in the open market, and to put all international as well as inter-State commerce under such regulation as shall secure just treatment of all employees. Congress should pass at once, by unanimous consent, a law allowing Americans to purchase, to own, and to navigate under American protection, foreign-built ships, and should leave details to be worked out by subsequent legislation. If eventually, why not now?

A PARALLEL

And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house; and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it: or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased because of the word which Naboth the Jezreelite had spoken to him: for he had said, I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers. And he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread. But Jezebel his wife came to him, and said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread? And he said unto her, Because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, and said unto him, Give me thy vineyard for money; or else, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it: and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard. And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in his city, and that dwelt with Naboth. And she wrote in the letters saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people: and set two men, sons of Belial, before

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him, and let them bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst curse God and the king. And then carry him out, and stone him, that he die. And the men of his city, even the elders and the nobles who dwelt in his city, did as Jezebel had sent unto them, according as it was written in the letters which she had sent unto them. They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people. And the two men, sons of Belial, came in and sat before him: and the men of Belial bare witness against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did curse God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died. Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead. And it came to pass, when Jezebel heard that Naboth was stoned, and was dead, that Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, which he refused to give thee for money: for Naboth is not alive, but dead. And it came to pass, when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, to take possession of it.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS

Luther lived in an age of widespread confusion and war; Europe was on the verge of a hundred years of fierce, if intermittent, struggle. The great leader must have been appalled at times by the conflict precipitated by his appeal to the conscience of the world. His personal fortunes were involved in the struggle, and his life was in constant peril. The hymn which bears his name and rings with steadfast conviction was born of a great crisis in the affairs of men, and remains the noble affirmation of the faith which in the Old Testament rested so clearly on its belief in God that it could say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." In many a tragic hour men have been heartened and held to their tasks by the stirring words, "A mighty fortress is our God." In spite of sporadic violence and of local disturbance the world has become so well policed and so orderly that people have come to take sanity and safety for granted, and to plan and build, to buy and sell, to travel and play, as if the age of earthquakes had passed, and permanency and security taken the place of the destruction which once swept, sudden and unescapable, over the surface of the earth. It has seemed as if reason had been established in the affairs of men and men might plan securely for the future. Science, popular education, the command of the forces of nature, prosperity beyond the dreams of the past, have given a sense of permanent security, and even thoughtful men have begun to feel a weakening of the sense of dependence on a power higher than the rule of the people, the wisdom of science, or the spread of civilization.

Then suddenly, without warning, the world is brought face to face with the possibilities of appalling disaster, the network of intimate and vital relations which was fast making the world a community of nations is rent asunder as ruthlessly as if it were the idle weaving of a summer day, and the solid earth trembles with premonitions of a vast earthquake. On the instant the sense of security vanishes and men are brought face to face with perils which are the more ominous because their magnitude cannot be measured, and the uncertainty of all human and earthly things is driven home to multitudes who had forgotten that Power by which the earth exists from moment to moment, before which the will of majorities is as the idle wind which rises and falls and barely stirs the leaves on the trees.

The old phrase, "When the half-gods go, the gods arrive," translated into Christian speech, means that when all lesser help fails men turn to the hope that never fails; when the foundations are broken up and the heavens are black with approaching storm, and human devices, skill, and strength bend and break like reeds in a tempest, men turn to the God who is a mighty fortress for all those who seek his protection.

The Bible stands alone among the books of the world because, while it sets forth more powerfully than any other book the sadness, uncertainty, misery, and evil in the world, it steadily and triumphantly affirms the impregnable security of the righteous soul and the safety of all who put their trust in God. The words of Dante, which Mr. Gladstone held to be the greatest words in all poetry, "In His will is our peace," are not only as true but as vitally needed to-day as in the stormy age in which they were written. His will is not only supreme, but it is righteous and loving; it not only sustains, but seeks the best that is in us. To that will everything must conform; it is that will, and not the will of majorities, that governs the

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world; and one man who stands with God is still the real majority. Lincoln was anxious to know, not whether God was with us, but whether we were with God; if we are, we are secure, no matter what happens. The end of all progress is to bring his justice in the affairs of men; and reforms are never ends in themselves; they are steps in the age-long endeavor to make his will the law of life. In a dark hour, when men's hearts stood still in the first shock of a National calamity, General Garfield, speaking from the steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, said: "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives." The President was dead, but the Nation lived the more securely because to the beauty of his patient endurance was added the sacrifice of life at the very moment when life had become precious to him.

When, in the long education of the race, climbing slowly and painfully from the dust, there come ascendencies of a barbarism which men thought extinct, and hatreds, jealousies, and greed which seemed to have gone out in ashes suddenly flame up again, despair and fear have no place; to brave men and women crises are moments of revelation and of growth. Peril and loss cannot be evaded, and there is no promise that men will be spared danger and sorrow; but if in such an hour men take refuge in the faith that there is a divine purpose behind the life of humanity, God becomes an impregnable fortress for the spirit, and the spiritual education goes forward to make hatred and war more and more the survivals of a vanishing past.

FROM THE CENTER

Every man's life has a center, more or less definite to himself and to others. Whatever it is—and it may be anything from a hearthstone to a hobby—all things in life come, year by year, to radiate from or relate to it. It establishes itself more firmly as time goes on and character develops. Young lives may often hesitate as to their center, but by the time maturity is reached the thing is usually settled. In fact, it may almost be said to constitute maturity to have established one's central motives, whether consciously or unconsciously.

It is the essence of a center to be central. Two centers form a contradiction in terms. Christ set this forth clearly. "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." It is not a matter of desire, for many people earnestly desire this bi-centralization of life. It is a matter of mathematical psychology, so to speak. The soul cannot be centered around self and also around love, or around pleasure and also around righteousness, or around business and also around spiritual things. It has to center in and radiate from one thing or the other. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde can exist in one person temporarily, but only temporarily. Sooner or later, the character will crystallize about its predominant center of thought and will.

This is what the elder theologians meant, partly, by calling a soul "lost" or "saved," according as its center was in self or in God. While it can never be said that any living man is lost beyond redemption, yet the life whose center is in God is safe, while that which centers elsewhere is in enduring spiritual peril. Conversion, as experienced by countless souls in all ages, is the shifting of the center and the following readjustment of all things to the new center that is established. There may be a sudden recognition of the change as necessary, and its instant accomplishment. In this case the phenomena of instantaneous "conviction of sin" and conversion are seen. It may be a long and gradual shifting of center, not recognized as critical at any one moment. Neither sort is likely to understand the other, yet both ways of changing center are valid and effective.

Modern reforms largely turn on change of center. Prisoners are no longer regarded as subjects for punishment only. It is recognized that their thoughts are wrongly centralized, and that a new centralization is possible for them. They are no longer to be treated as outcasts, but as children under tutelage. No prison reform can amount to anything unless built on this principle, for which the best reformers stand.

The individual, in the most vital respects, is beyond law. Law cannot reach the inner sanctuary of the will, and cannot dictate what a man shall think in his heart. This is the problem of living—for out of the heart are the issues of life. The home, for this reason, is forever the foundation of the state, and the church is the hope of the world; for every young soul, centered on right from infancy, taught self-control, and led toward a personal vision of God, is a pillar of the community, a step toward the ideal state.

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THE WAR IN EUROPE

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

We give elsewhere in this issue our reasons in detail for our sympathy with Great Britain, France, and Russia and their European allies in their contest with Germanic imperialism. Despite the alignment of Russian despotism with the democracies of Great Britain and France, the contest is, in its fundamental analysis, between liberalism and monarchical militarism. There are, of course, many subsidiary and sometimes conflicting forces at play, as there were in our own Civil War of the sixties. The purpose of the following symposium is to explain, or at least to throw some light upon, these subsidiary and conflicting forces.

Mr. Kennan has lived in Russia, knows the Russian people, and speaks the Russian language, and no man in America is better qualified to interpret the view of both the people and the Government.

Mr. Bullard has lived among the Balkan peoples and understands both their good qualities and their defects.

Mr. Tridon is a Frenchman living in this country. He is an expert in all matters concerning organized labor in France. It is only fair to say that his article was written before the invasion of France by Germany, and all signs indicate that both organized labor and the organized Socialists in France will support the Government in its fight for political liberty. Indeed, the last paragraph of Mr. Tridon's article forecasts this national solidarity.

The attitude of the Russian Jew is interpreted by a Russian Jew now living in America who was driven from his native land by Russian despotic oppression. It is not at all surprising that the Russian Jew, with his burning sense of injustice, should fail to see the world significance of this great European conflict.

The national view-point of Germany is presented by Dr. Ernst Richard, who is an authority on German politics. He himself has been a prominent figure in international peace movements. In his article he is interpreting those political and ethnical forces which have pressed the German Government into its present position and which have also created a solidarity of feeling in the German Empire.—THE EDITORS.

I—THE RUSSIAN POINT OF VIEW

BY GEORGE KENNAN

I. The Russian People. So far as the Russian people are concerned, their interest in the Austro-Servian contest is based chiefly on consanguinity and on sympathy with a weak Slavic Power attacked suddenly by a much stronger non-Slavic Power with German encouragement and support. The ill treatment of the Bulgarians—another Slavic people—by the Turks caused a feeling of sympathy and indignation in Russia that was really popular and national. In my judgment, the invasion of Servia by Austria, without sufficient cause, will rouse a similar feeling. The Servians are really first cousins of the Russians, and kinsmen always stand together as against aliens. The Swedes and Norwegians are only remotely related to the English, but if Russia should treat those countries as Austria has treated Servia, and should then, on inadequate provocation, declare war and begin an invasion, all Great Britain would be ablaze with indignation and wrath. The Russians will react in a less degree perhaps, but in the same way. The Russian people do not care much for extension of territory or enhancement of national power, but they are all Pan-Slavists, more or less, and they will, I think, support with enthusiasm a war for the protection of their weak relatives against so powerful a combination as that of Austria and Germany. In other words, a war in defense of the

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rights and national integrity of Servia and Montenegro against Austrian and German aggression will be more truly popular than any war in which Russia has been engaged since 1877–8. Now that the Czar attacks Austria in defense of Servian independence, he will probably have the support of an overwhelming majority of the people, in spite of the latter's dissatisfaction with the Government's management of internal affairs. If he had interfered—even at the risk of war—when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, he would probably have had the nation's support, but he didn't dare to risk it so soon after the revolutionary struggle of 1905–6.

II. The Russian Government. If Austria defeats Servia, as she almost certainly would if the latter had no support, Austria and Germany are likely, in the near future, to dominate the whole Balkan Peninsula. To allow this would be contrary to half a century of Russian foreign policy. Austria, with a front on both the Adriatic and the Ægean, might become a strong naval Power, and, backed by Germany, she might forever put an end to Russian dreams of southward extension, and render the free navigation of the Dardanelles more precarious for Russia than it is now. The complete subjugation of Servia and Montenegro by an Austro-German combination is full of menacing possibilities for Russia, because it may lead to almost anything. Austria has seized the opportune moment when the Servians, the Bulgarians, and the Greeks are not only exhausted by recent war, but embittered one against the other so that it is difficult for them to combine effectively in defense of their common interests. If, therefore, Russia had not come to the support of the Servians, the Balkan peoples might all go to the wall together, and the Austro-German combination practically control all the territory between the Adriatic and the Dardanelles. This, at least, is likely to be the view of the Czar and his Government, and, in the slang of the period, they "won't stand for it." In so complex a situation prediction is hazardous; but, in my judgment, the Czar will fight, regardless of consequences. The war party is always strong in Russia, and it is still smarting under the humiliation of its defeat in Manchuria. It is likely to say: "Give us a chance, and we will show you what we can do, with the patriotic support of the nation and in a field nearer home. We were beaten before because the people had no sympathy with the war, and because we had to fight six thousand miles from our base. It will not be so this time, because we can avail ourselves of our full strength, and we shall have the active support of France and at least the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain." They will rely on Austria's having all she can conveniently attend to in the Balkans, and they will feel sure that France and Russia can handle Germany. This, I think, is the way in which they will reason, from what I know of them. It has come to a pass now where the Czar must fight to save his face. If he does not, he and his Government will lose prestige even more seriously than they lost it in the war with Japan. The revolutionists themselves will taunt them by saying, as they have already said in connection with Bosnia and Herzegovina: "You fight us with courage, because we have neither organization nor weapons; but you don't dare to attack an alien enemy even when he throws his glove in your face. Nobody will have any respect for you, even as a military Power, if you allow national interests to be sacrificed and kinsmen to be crushed almost within sight of your southern boundary."

For these reasons and others for which I have neither time nor space, the Czar prefers to fight rather than permit Austria to subjugate Servia and Montenegro, and establish, herself, with Germany's backing, as the dominant Power in southeastern Europe. Russia, it seems to me, will have some justification, even though she incurs a tremendous responsibility. If a relatively weak people, closely related to us by ties of language, religion, and blood, were living as an independent nation in central Mexico, and if this kindred people were suddenly attacked, with little real provocation, by a strong European Power, and were likely to be defeated and subjugated, we should unquestionably fight—partly to prevent injustice, partly to defend our National interests in a region where we believe we have interests, and partly to stand by our weaker neighbors and kinsmen and give them effective protection. This is something like, although of course not exactly like, the Balkan situation in its relation to Russia.

From my point of view, the recent assassinations, for which the Servian Government and people may not have been at all to blame, were not a sufficient justification for Austria's aggressive ultimatum (to which Servia prac-

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tically yielded), nor for the subsequent declaration of war.

III. The Outcome. As a great European war is now under way, it may be worth while to consider the chances of the principal combatants, viz., Russia, Germany, and Austria. Before doing so, however, let me call attention to the following paragraph in General Kuropatkin's review of the military situation in 1900. In clearness of foresight it was almost prophetic. In his report to the Czar that year General Kuropatkin said:

Crises of world-wide importance arise suddenly,[1] and are not prevented by the unpreparedness of a nation for war. On the contrary, the knowledge of unreadiness in any quarter only leads to a desire to take advantage of it in others. *Therefore a struggle such as has never been seen in the world may come sooner than we think.*[1] It may burst forth even contrary to the wish of the Czar and against the interests of Russia. This would be a calamity for the whole world. . . . Within the last fifty years the military resources of our neighbors have so increased, and Germany and Austria, more especially, are so much better prepared to invade us that our western frontier is now exposed to greater danger than it has ever been in the whole of our history. ("The Russian Army and the Japanese War," Vol. I, pp. 76 and 110.)

The "crisis" has "suddenly arisen," and the "calamity" is upon us. What is likely to be the course of events now that Russia has declared war against Austria and Germany? It seems to me probable that Germany will take the offensive, on the Russian frontier at least, and, mobilizing her forces with amazing rapidity, will mass them and hurl them on the Russians before the latter have half completed their preparations. At their very best the Russians are slow, and they are likely to be overwhelmed before they are ready to fight. In considering this question General Kuropatkin said:

By her rapid concentration and by her ability to throw an immense army so quickly across the French frontier in 1870, Germany showed also what she would be capable of doing in our direction. By the expenditure of vast sums of money she has made ready, in the most comprehensive sense, to march rapidly across our borders with an army of 1,000,000 men. She has seventeen lines of railway (twenty-three tracks) leading to our frontiers, which would enable her to send to the front more than five hundred troop trains daily. She can concentrate the greater part of her armed forces (fourteen to sixteen army corps) on our frontier within a few days of the declaration of war; while, apart from this question of speedy mobilization, she has at her command far greater technical resources, such as light railways, artillery, ordnance, and engineering stores, particularly for telegraphs, mobile siege parks, etc., than we have. Since the Crimean War we have worked hard to prepare the Vilna and Warsaw areas for hostilities; but as Germany has done considerably more in thirty years than we have in fifty, she has outdistanced us. Her principal and most overwhelming superiority lies in her railways; to her seventeen lines running to our frontier we can only oppose five. This advantage is overwhelming, and gives to her and Austria a superiority which can be counterbalanced neither by large numbers nor bravery. (Vol. I, pp. 47 and 79.)

In view of these facts and considerations (to which General Kuropatkin refers again and again in other pages) it seems fairly probable that Germany will be victorious in the early engagements (as she was in the war with France) by virtue of her facilities for quick concentration in overwhelming force and her rapidity of movement. Her difficulties, however, will increase as she advances eastward and northward. Western Russia is not a good country to forage in; fall and winter are approaching; and the Germans, as they get farther and farther away from their base, will meet larger and larger aggregations of troops. They cannot count on the support or sympathy of the Russian revolutionists. The latter, it is true, alarmed and harassed the Government during the Japanese War, and particularly toward its close; but that war was hateful to the great mass of the Russian people. This war will be popular, and a German invasion will unite all political parties and bring the whole nation together for defense. The final outcome, therefore, is doubtful, with the chances against German success in anything like a long campaign.

The situation as regards Austria is somewhat different, although on that frontier also Russia will have to struggle against disadvantages at first. In considering this aspect of a European war, General Kuropatkin says:

Galicia forms, so to speak, a glacis of the Carpathians, running down toward Russia, and it has recently grown up into a splendidly prepared intrenched camp, connected with the other provinces of Austria-Hungary by numerous roads across the Carpathians. It is strongly fortified and stocked with supplies of every nature both for a protracted defense or an advance

[1] Italics are mine.—G. K.

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in force into Russia. Austria can now concentrate 1,000,000 men in this area within a very short space of time. In the matter of railway development the Austrians also have left us far behind. While they, by means of eight lines of rail (ten tracks), can run 260 trains up to the frontier every twenty-four hours, we can only convey troops to the same point on four lines. In the last ten years the Carpathians have been pierced by five lines of railway, and preparations have been made to lay three more. The Austrian army, which is of great size and splendidly equipped, would base itself upon the strong intrenched camp in Galicia, and could, if properly commanded, throw superior numbers into the field against us. (Vol. II, pp. 53, 55.)

In a war with Russia, however, Austria will be very materially weakened in two ways. In the first place, she already has on her hands a war with Servia and Montenegro, and these states will probably be supported by Greece and possibly by Bulgaria. She cannot throw her whole force, therefore, against Russia. In the second place, the population of Austria includes no less than forty-seven per cent of Slavs, many of whom are already restive under her rule, if not actively hostile to it. All or nearly all of them will naturally sympathize with Russia and Servia, and make trouble for their oppressors at the first opportunity. Austria will be forced, therefore, to keep a considerable part of her forces in her Slav provinces, particularly Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia. In view of her present undertakings and these embarrassments, she will not be likely, I think, to attempt an invasion of Russia, but will maintain a defensive attitude, leaving to her ally the aggressive fighting.

II—THE ATTITUDE OF THE BALKANS TO THE EUROPEAN WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD [1]

THERE was a moment towards the end of the first Balkan War when there was talk of a new Power in Europe. A Balkan Empire, with Bulgaria in the rôle of Prussia, was being considered by statesmen as a possibility.

There was, of course, an age-old jealousy between Greek and Slav, and even much venomous feeling between Serbs and Bulgars.

But in December of 1912 there was a probability of some sort of a federation which might grow stronger with time. All the Christians of the Peninsula were rejoicing in unexpected victories over the Turk. And all eyes turned to Czar Ferdinand for leadership.

The Bulgars are far and away the most progressive people of the neighborhood. Theirs is the most modern, the most progressive and enlightened state east of Switzerland, and the initiative, as well as the brunt of the fighting, against Turkey had been theirs.

There were two elements of discord between the allies at that time. A stupid Turkish general had retreated before the Greeks into Salonika instead of retiring on his fortified base at Janina, as all military men would have expected. The Greek army entered Salonika, which they had not hoped to win, about ten minutes before a Bulgarian army, which had set out to capture the city, arrived from the opposite direction. The treaty between the allies was not explicit on this point, and there was dispute between the Bulgars and Greeks.

A more serious disagreement had broken out in the north between the Serbs and Bulgars. The secret treaty between them has been published since. It was not only an offensive alliance against the Turks, but explicitly a defensive alliance against Austria.

Servia had for a long time desired a port for her commerce on the Adriatic. This was the goal of all her planning before the war, but it was foreseen that Austria would object. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is perhaps the shrewdest diplomat in Europe. He understood that no Great Power could attack a Balkan State without precipitating a general European war, and, if that happened, Austria could spare no troops to invade Servia.

So, when Austria ordered the Serbs to evacuate Durazzo, on the Adriatic, Bulgaria said to Servia: "Stand pat, we're with you. Austria is bluffing. If she attacks, such a war will break out that all our enemies will have their hands full elsewhere."

For some reason Servia decided not to dare Austria. Possibly she was too Christian

[1] Mr. Bullard has written previously for The Outlook on Balkan topics under the pen-name of "Albert Edwards." See an announcement on page 883.—THE EDITORS.

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to precipitate war throughout Christendom. Perhaps she lost her nerve. At all events, she evacuated Durazzo. The creation of Albania robbed her of the best half of her conquests, and she asked Bulgaria to compensate her with some of the territory which by the treaty was awarded to Bulgaria.

Serious as these disputes were, there was hope of a peaceful solution.

However, Austria and Russia had other plans. They hated each other cordially because both coveted the Balkan Peninsula and access to the Ægean Sea. But they buried their jealousies in the face of this crisis, and blithely united in the dirty work of sowing discord between the allies. A strong Balkan federation stood square in the road of their ambitions. Peace interfered with their "manifest destinies." No one could tell what fish might be caught in troubled waters.

The details of Russia's diplomatic game are still obscure, but it seems evident that in the second Balkan War Austria expected Bulgaria to give the Serbs such a beating as would forever lay the ghost of Pan-Servia. And then, if necessary, Rumania, which was then pro-Austrian, could be unchained to humble the Bulgars.

Things worked out the other way. Servia and Greece proved to be unexpectedly strong. Turkey came to life again. And Rumania, refusing to wait for Austria's permission, jumped the frontier. Attacked from all sides, the Bulgars were utterly crushed.

The net results of the second war were that all hope of Balkan unity was over. The Bulgars will never forgive their treacherous allies and neighbors. This was what both Russia and Austria wanted. But a second result was an immense increase in the prestige of Servia. Coming out victorious from two desperate wars, the Serbs were inflamed with national pride. The ideal of Greater Servia became ten times more vivid. Less than half the Serbs live under the Servian flag; the rest are Austrian subjects. Pan-Serbism means the break-up of the dual monarchy.

The result of Austrian diplomacy during the two Balkan wars was a decided setback.

In only one thing do the varied people of the much-harassed Peninsula think alike—a firm conviction that every time the Great Powers have interfered in their affairs it has been with cynical selfishness and disastrous results.

Servia and her ally Greece are certainly drawn towards the *entente* by Russia's interference on behalf of Servia. Russian diplomats have also succeeded in seducing Rumania from her allegiance to Austria. She also dreams of a reunited race; nearly half of the Rumanians are Hungarian subjects.

Bulgaria, because of her hatred for Servia and Rumania, will incline the other way, but probably with little force, as she is utterly exhausted.

Turkey will sit tight, wishing ill luck—with complete neutrality—to everybody. She has little to gain except the possibility of snatching back a few fragments from Bulgaria. But Young Turks and Old Turks alike will rejoice over every defeat of a Christian army. Their ulema will preach sermons showing how bad faith is always punished in the end. Did not all the six Great Powers solemnly swear that they would not allow the Balkan allies to disturb the *status quo* in Turkey? Did not the German Kaiser promise his friendship and then incite his ally Italy to grab Tripoli? And did not perfidious Albion solemnly promise to evacuate Egypt as soon as peace was restored? The Turks will be quite pleased to see their wrongs avenged by others. And it is more than probable that the apostles of Pan-Islamism have already set out to tell the Mohammedans of North Africa, from the Nile to Tangier, that their infidel masters are very busy at home.

III—THE FRENCH WORKINGMAN AND THE WAR

BY ANDRÉ TRIDON

NOTHING short of actual invasion of her territory by German troops could have compelled France to take an active part in the European conflict. The declaration of a state of war depends, if not theoretically at least practically, upon a cool-headed and sedate group, the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. Those men, all of mature age, know that unless public indignation was first raised to white heat by actual outrages committed by the "hereditary foe," the first shot fired by French guns might have been the signal for another Commune, fraught with more danger than the Commune of 1870.

The various radical groups of France de-

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clared themselves very recently ready to answer with mutiny a declaration of war; this for several reasons: they are opposed to war; they are opposed to a continuation of the Franco-Russian alliance; they are in favor of a *rapprochement* between France and Germany.

Anti-militarist propaganda has been making gigantic strides all over France. It was pointed out long ago that, in a country where military service is compulsory, barracks make an ideal place for the distribution of inflammatory literature. Hundreds of thousands of young men herded together and chafing under many restraints are in the proper mood for listening to the speeches of anti-militarist agitators. The General Confederation of Labor soon took advantage of that condition and established the Soldiers' Penny Fund. Every syndicated worker called under the flag is paid a nominal sum of a penny a day. To receive that penny he must call at the Bourse du Travail of the city where he is garrisoned. There he is invited to attend lectures, to perfect his technical education, and to read anti-militarist literature.

It is not only among workingmen that the wave of anti-militarism is rising. The Federation of Teachers' Benevolent Associations has declared itself favorable to the principles to which the Confederation of Labor is committed, and two years ago the Teachers' Congress voted the creation in every organized group of educators of a Soldiers' Penny Fund.

The Confederation of Labor, with its 500,000 dues-paying members, is undoubtedly the most powerful organization in France; but what of the propaganda which the 100,000 members of the Federation of Teachers' Benevolent Associations can engage in, coming in contact as they do with the entire youth of the country?

On one memorable occasion the Confederation of Labor demonstrated what power it could wield. Two years ago, when rumors of a general European conflagration were becoming more and more insistent, the Confederation of Labor called an extraordinary Congress which met on November 24 and 25, 1912. The delegates of nearly 1,500 labor organizations passed then and there a resolution ordering a general twenty-four-hour strike as an anti-war demonstration. The strike order sent out for December 16 was obeyed by half a million men.

The Socialist groups are a much less important, though not negligible, element in the present crisis. The Socialist party, theoretically more powerful than ever, and represented in Parliament by 100 men, counts only 70,000 members in good standing. Goaded on by the members of the Confederation of Labor, who are wont to characterize them as the talkers, reserving for themselves the epithet of fighters, the Socialists have of late adopted a frankly anti-patriotic attitude. The Jaurès motion, which was probably responsible for the leader's assassination and which was carried on July 17 by 1,690 votes against 1,174, pledged the Socialist party to a general preventive strike in case the country found itself on the verge of war.

The French Government's efforts to repress the anti-militarist propaganda of the Confederation of Labor have served only to demonstrate its impotence to cope with such a body of men. When, four years ago, several regiments sent to repress the wine-growers' riots joined hands with the mutineers, it was found impossible to proceed against them as discipline would have demanded. In the summer of 1913 eighteen anti-militarist propagandists, members of the Confederation of Labor, were arrested; the authorities, knowing too well what the outcome of the trial would be, kept them in jail without trial 145 days; nation-wide riots were prevented only by their acquittal last November; yet they had preached openly to the soldiers desertion in case of war.

For obvious reasons all the radical groups of France are opposed to a continuation of the French-Russian relations. The alliance with Russia has cost France much money; besides, Russia demanded from her ally a year ago that she muster an army of at least seven hundred and seventy thousand men; this could not be done unless the period of compulsory military service was prolonged from two to three years; it is needless to recount the disturbances which an attempt to comply with that demand brought about in the Parliamentary life of France. The efforts of the Confederation of Labor and of the Socialists prevented the flotation of the necessary war loan, and a vast increase in the number of desertions made the authorities nervous as to the possible consequence of the application of the "three-year law."

As Russia could not very well raise outside of France the money she needs, the radicals see in a severance of the bond uniting the two nations the quickest way to

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starve the Imperial régime out of power. A declaration of neutrality on the part of France at this time would accomplish the same results. Even the very mild "radical groups of the southwest" assembled in Congress the first week of July expressed their hostility to the three-year military service law, and thereby their willingness to have the Franco-Russian treaties abrogated.

Finally, the Confederation of Labor and the Socialist groups are anxious to prevent any clash with Germany. If the French and English workers are the most aggressive, the German workers have the strongest organization in the world. Burdened with bureaucratic methods, however, they are extremely conservative, and the syndicalist leaven has hardly touched the surface of the German labor masses.

They are still at that stage of revolutionary development at which warlike emotionalism could bring them again under the influence of the German militarists; the French radicals desire, above all things, to avoid that contingency; they feel that the French proletariat working in concert with the German proletariat, more advanced and better organized than the Russian masses, could impose its will upon the whole of Europe and preserve continental peace.

The French Government finds itself in a perilous position. If France is invaded, retaliation will be imperative. Will this mean that a civil war will be superadded to a foreign war? And yet, lest we should become too despondent over the fate of the Republic, let us bear in mind the following incident:

Soon after the anti-militarist congresses of 1912 had been held in Paris and Basel, the French Government issued an order of mobilization which reached several villages on the German border on November 26 and 27. Every Confederation of Labor member, called under the flag, responded, and the conservative papers enjoyed keenly what they described as the difference between theory and practice.

IV—THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW OF THE WAR

BY ERNST RICHARD

"The present situation arose not from temporary conflicts of interest or diplomatic combinations, but is the result of ill will existing for years against the strength and prosperity of the German Empire." This sentence, taken from the Kaiser's speech from the throne on August 4, is the view of the present war held by the German people. They expected it for years to come. They have felt all the time that after they had accomplished their national unity in a bloody struggle against France it would take another bloody war to defend and firmly secure it. The tone of the foreign press, not only of the countries immediately concerned, but of the others as well, did not allow them to be deceived as to the fact that they really had no friends and well-wishers, a view which the attitude of the American daily press confirms at the present moment. Smaller and greater incidents seemed to bring the smoldering antagonism to a violent issue every few years. Again and again the German Government refrained from war because the apparent object of the controversies did not seem to warrant such a step, and by doing so exposed itself to suspicion of weakness both abroad and on the part of the public opinion of its own country. France, which in a war of its own making had been fairly beaten, did not take its defeat as a good sportsman should, but, feeling too weak to take its revenge unaided, tried to gain powerful allies that should help it win its battles. Germany saw these efforts of her neighbor in continuous progress; nobody was ever heard to tell France, You have been beaten in a fair fight, you have lost, and if you are not strong enough for yourself, keep your peace. No, everybody seemed to pat France on her back and to encourage her attitude, which was the real menace to the peace of Europe, while all the world was crying out against Germany, which had no other desire than to be left alone. It is not within the scope of this article to investigate whether this German view was correct or why it is that France commands so much more the sympathies of the other nations than Germany does, nor have I the space to enumerate all the incidents which gave Germany that impression; for

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our purposes it is sufficient to know that the Germans had the feeling that the other nations, especially her neighbors, did all in their power to hinder them in the peaceful development of their resources and institutions; and they have enough to point at in justification of this view. What was especially irritating in France's conduct to the German mind was this: that in her all-controlling desire for revenge the Republic that forever was boasting of her progressive and democratic spirit allied herself to Russia, the stronghold of absolutism and reactionism, the representative of a semi-barbaric civilization. This was, and is, honestly considered in Germany as a treachery to Western civilization and culture. The Russians and the Pan-Slavic movement upheld the claim of those Germans who insisted that a great struggle between the Slav and the Germanic nations was unavoidable. Whether these views were right or wrong, they are held by a great many Germans, and they explain the increased bitterness Germans felt when they found England, for fear of having to share her commercial profits with Germany—England, their nearest racial kin—arrayed on the side of the enemy of the race and of Germanic culture, of which she was the leading exponent. How deep-rooted—the Germans say—must be the hatred against us if it leads to such unnatural alliances with the representative of everything that is hostile to the professed ideals of these nations! The result was a grim determination to be prepared for the worst. The last years had brought an improvement in the relations between Great Britain and Germany, but before a complete reconciliation was accomplished the tone of the anti-German press, the anti-German demonstrations, in France and Russia especially, became so violent that anybody who saw their reflex in the German press and was in touch with German public opinion knew that the outburst was near. Let me quote only two incidents out of many which show that the Austro-Servian war was only the spark that set off the explosion which was bound to come anyhow. The first illustrates the Russian attitude: When in the spring of this year the aggressive tone of the Russian press and of numerous public utterances assumed an unprecedented violence, Professor Hans Delbrück, the editor of the "Preussische Jahrbücher," a periodical which might in general character and standing be compared to The Outlook, wrote to Professor Paul von Mitrasanoff, who had been a student under him in Berlin University at one time, asking what it all meant. Professor von Mitrasanoff's reply was published in June. It is a sober, scholarly statement of facts. It gives the history of the relations of the two countries and tells of the Russian will to possess Constantinople, and then says: "It has become clear to the Russian now; if things remain as they are now, the way to Constantinople leads through Berlin. Vienna is only of secondary consideration."

In other parts of the letter the Germans read of "the instinctive but the more persistent antipathy of the lower classes for the 'Niemzy'" (contemptible name given to the Germans by the Slavs), of "deeply rooted antipathy against the German character and ways," and so forth. Professor Delbrück's comment on the letter was as unpassionate and sober as was the letter commented upon. Here is his closing sentence: "If Russia takes it as its mission to rule Europe and Asia—well, then, we take it as the mission of Germany to save Europe and Asia from this rule of the Moscovite. I cannot give another answer to my esteemed friend Professsor von Mitrasanoff." That this letter made a tremendous impression all over Germany goes without saying; it is the most important document, perhaps, in the pre-history of this war. On the French side I choose another document entirely different in character, but just as significant. On the 18th of July of this year there appeared a public declaration by all the representatives of the German newspapers in Paris. They state that for the first time in the history of journalism foreign correspondents were made the object of individual persecution; it was openly advocated or vowed in the French press that they all be driven out of the country. The editors of one nationalist paper had challenged every one of them to duels.

If these and other documents had been reported in our newspapers, the American public might not have been so surprised at the rapid development of events in the last few days; it would understand that the Germans did not think it safe to wait until the Czar had finished his mobilization, and that the German people, including the Socialists, are ready to risk their all in what they consider their supreme struggle for existence.

The task set before me was to explain the mental attitude of the German people in this struggle against the whole of Europe. I

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know there may be arguments against this attitude, but it is now too late to discuss them. What I have stated is, to the best of my knowledge, the sincere conviction of the mass of the German people. Even the leading Socialist organ has recently given the Kaiser credit for the sincerity of his efforts to preserve the peace. This conviction is the mainspring of German action. And let me repeat a statement which, born from a thorough familiarity with the German character, I made publicly for the first time in Cooper Union in 1906. I say this to show that it is not made up for the occasion: "The German people *do not want war;* they never were so well off in all their history. But if they see that they are compelled to fight it will probably be the most terrible war that history knows. Their rage will know no limits. They will only know one thing: to fight to the bitter end. Nothing whatever will be allowed to interfere with this determination." Now this feeling is still stronger than formerly. They are truly fighting, as the Kaiser says, for the place in which God has put them. It is their belief that it must be their final struggle. They are determined to win at any cost, and after their victory to leave their enemies in such shape that they never will be able to disturb the peace again. We read about the *furor Teutonicus* in times gone by. It is a pity it has come to this, but I am afraid we will have an opportunity to watch it now. For the outsider and the friend of peace there is nothing to be done but to watch and wait.

V—THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN JEW

AN INTERVIEW WITH A NATIVE OF THE PROVINCE OF KIEV

IN order to understand the attitude of the Jewish people in Russia towards the Russian Government in this European war, one must have been an eye-witness to those sufferings and tortures which the Jewish population in Russia have endured since 1881. All that has been written in the press or periodicals of any country with regard to these sufferings pales into insignificance in comparison with the actual facts. One must visit the ghettoes of the various Russian cities in which the Jewish people live to realize what is going on there day and night. It is a matter of fact that a person of the Jewish race cannot walk the distance of a block without being assaulted or insulted by a Christian man, or without being chilled to the heart with fear by the look of some police official. This is by day. The sufferings by night are indescribable. The police raid the ghetto—that is, they surround a chosen block every night, not in order to look for criminals, but to look for Jewish people under the pretext of finding those that have no right to live in this or that city or in this or that section of the city.

The result of this is that hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews have been driven out of Russia and have escaped through emigration, and yet there are five million Jews left in Russia who, either because they have not the means of escape or because they cannot leave their families or their business, are still Russian citizens. Of this Jewish population remaining in Russia thousands are serving in the army as private soldiers. These soldiers will fight because they are compelled to by military discipline, but they will fight reluctantly. Both the Jewish soldier and the Jewish civilian will therefore secretly sympathize with the German opponents of Russia. This is not because the Russian Jew loves Germany more, but because he loves Russian despotism less. For the same reason the Russian Jew in this country will hope, whether he openly says so or not, for Russia's ultimate defeat. This attitude of the Russian Jews, especially of the intelligent or educated class, is not merely prompted by a natural feeling of hatred for the sufferings which the Jewish people have endured, but because they see in the defeat of Russia's despotism the only way for a reorganization of the Russian Empire upon constitutional or liberal lines.

The thoughtful Russian Jew does not expect that this attitude will have any definite effect upon the military operations of Russia. What I am endeavoring to do in this brief article is to explain why the Russian Jew can have little sympathy with Russian victories in the present war. At the same time, the

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intelligent Russian Jew recognizes that both liberal political principles and fair treatment for the Jew are more to be expected from France and Great Britain than from Germany. He is therefore in this contest between two fires. He wishes to see the Russian Government defeated and the French and British Government successful. The orthodox Russian Jew in the city of New York and indeed all over the world prays for French and British victory and for Russian defeat. This, of course, is an extraordinary position to take. It may be even said to be illogical, but it is nevertheless the fact.

It must further be remembered that the Russian Jew believes that if Russia is victorious and through her instrumentality the Slav population of the Balkan States is solidified, the Slavs of that region will act towards the Oriental Jew exactly as the Russian acts towards the Jew of the north. It must be borne in mind that there is a great difference in this respect between the Russian Jew and the German, Austrian, and Hungarian Jew. The Jews of the latter three nations are actuated much more by their national feeling than by their racial feeling. The patriotic, national feeling of the Hungarian or Austrian Jews is illustrated by the fact that no Austro-Hungarian Jew ever speaks the name of the Emperor without saying "Long live Franz Joseph!" and this loyalty to the Emperor is not merely an empty expression, but indicates genuine feeling. The Russian Jew might in public for self-preservation say "Long live the Czar!" and even pray in his synagogue publicly for his welfare, but never in private.

If the Russian bureaucracy and Imperial Government had since 1881 treated the Russian Jew with even reasonable justice and a moderate degree of human sympathy, the five millions of Russian Jews in Russia would be more loyal to the Czar and to the nation than the peasant population of the Russian Church. For the Jew is more intelligent, and therefore more capable of national feeling, than the mujik. If in this European conflict the Czar should feel in any way the lack of support of his Jewish subjects, he has only himself to blame, or at least he has only to blame the despotic bureaucracy with which he is surrounded.

I speak of the intelligence of the Russian Jew because my experience entitles me to do so. I was born in the Province of Kiev. When I realized that I could get no possible education in the village where I was born, I went to the city of Kiev, where I got some education by private lessons, and, in order to make a living, as soon as I acquired some education I gave private lessons in the Russian and German languages. Out of this grew a school. After I had carried on the school for six months it was closed by the Government.

The school was devoted solely to the teaching of the Russian, German, and Hebrew languages. When the school was opened, it was permitted by the Government. It was closed by the passage of a law or an edict forbidding the Jewish people to have schools of their own. Three months after the closing of this school, as I was also forbidden to give private lessons and as I had no other means of livelihood, I was forced to come to the United States. I have lived in the United States eleven years, and, as you see, I have learned to speak English. I have near relatives whom I have left in Russia—four brothers, two sisters, as well as many uncles and cousins. I came to this country with a passport, and therefore have nothing to fear from the Russian Government; but I have never had any desire to go back, although I have been struggling hard to make a living in this country. Like many of my compatriots, I should prefer to starve in the United States rather than to live to-day under the Russian despotism.

I hope that this brief statement will give your readers at least some impression of the state of mind of the thoughtful and intelligent Russian Jew regarding the Russian Government. But bear in mind that this attitude is towards the Russian Government only, not towards the Russian people. If the time ever comes when liberal ideas should penetrate the Russian Empire, the Russian Jew can live with the Russian Christian in a more friendly relation than with any other nation in the world. The Russian Christian peasants are naturally friendly and amiable. As a boy I lived with them in the village where I was born, with not only no trouble but often with real friendship. But the peasant or villager of the Russian Christian Church is easily excited into religious animosity by his priests and the officers of the Government on account of his ignorance and superstition. When this ignorance and superstition are done away with, as they

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can only be done away with, by education, you will find that the Russian Jew is inclined to live on as friendly terms with his peasant neighbor as with his own relatives.

VI—AMERICAN OPINION ON THE WAR

A POLL OF THE PRESS

HORROR is one salient emotion aroused in Americans by the spectacle of Mars stalking across Europe, if editorial opinion in this country is a fair reflection, and bewilderment, disgust, and cynical humor also find expression. And from papers of all descriptions and complexions comes the note of discouragement, the feeling that perhaps after all civilization is a failure.

"What does this mean but that our boasted civilization has broken down?" asks the Philadelphia "North American;" "that there has been at least a reversion from which it will climb upward again only by slow and painful degrees?" And the New York "Herald" asks, "Is Christian civilization a failure?" The New York "Sun" apparently thinks it is, so far as the abolition of war is concerned. Thus the "Sun:"

> A feeling of depression, of sadness, almost of bitterness, must possess every thinking person as Europe flames into war. Is war, then, an inevitable instinct of mankind and man only a fighting animal? Devouring or devoured, is that his fate? And we all know what mournful and terrible analogies of conflict bind him to "lower" species and types and make him no unfitting or too lofty figure in the world. In a generation which has learned the prattle of altruism, which has inherited so many civilizations, which has behind it such long annals of bloodshed, is there no other last argument of nations? There is no other, whatever be imagined in the temple of dreams or Mr. Carnegie.

The "Sun," however, goes on to point out that in certain respects war is less awful than it was; we have the Red Cross, for instance, and modern medicine. Likewise the Atlanta "Constitution," in answering its own question, "Have we progressed in the past hundred years?" says, "In science, in medicine, in art, in commerce, in conquest of the air and water, yes! In conquest of the murderous human instinct, No!"

When it comes to fixing the blame for what many papers agree, with the San Francisco "Chronicle," will be "the most devastating war in European history," there is further agreement. Monarchical cliques, absolutists, and those in Germany in particular, are held responsible. In speaking of "German audacity," the Springfield "Republican" points out that in violating the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg Emperor William is doing "what Bismarck did not dare to do in 1870;" and goes on to say that if it is true, as charged by the French, that the German Emperor forced Austria to fight when she was willing to submit her differences with Servia to an international conference, it is "more villainous than anything that has occurred in international relations since the time of Frederick the Great."

The St. Louis "Republic" likewise blames Germany, but is careful to point out that it is the German Government, not the mass of the people, who want war. "No two things could be further apart than the spirit of the German War Office and the spirit of Germany," says the "Republic," and adds: "The cure for war is democracy—'the consent of the governed.'"

"It is all the fruit of a false national ambition and of imperialism and special privilege fighting against Christian internationalism," in the opinion of the Lewiston (Maine) "Journal;" while the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" believes that "the ultimate issue, stripped of all the subordinate but vital hopes involved, is commerce." The Louisville "Courier-Journal" also thinks the war is due to "'big business' at its worst as an example of criminal brutality, lawless selfishness, and an utter lack of consideration for 'the gull'd fools who the toils of war pursue, where bleed the many to enrich the few.'"

The political alliances of Europe, which have dragged, one after another, Germany, Russia, France, and England into the difficulty between Austria and Servia, and "which have been called the safety of Europe, are now seen as they are, a peril and a curse," according to the Buffalo "Commercial."

The New York "Sun" is not so cocksure in deciding where the fault lies for the carnage

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that is expected abroad. "What philosopher historian," asks the "Sun," "in reviewing events that are blinding in their contemporary aspect, will ever be able to apportion justly the responsibility between the personal and dynastic war impulse in high places of power and the underlying and immeasurable forces of race hatred and national greed?"

What will be the outcome of this gigantic struggle in which two nations stand alone against a number that is increased by almost daily declarations of war? Perhaps Americans have been so stunned by the size of the conflict that they have not thought much of the outcome, realizing that, whoever wins, the world will lose; or, perhaps with the traditions of a peaceful and unmilitary nation behind them, they have hesitated to make predictions concerning matters on which they are supposed to know little. At any rate, the American press seems not disposed to prophesy as to the outcome, so far as immediate and palpable success of arms is concerned. Those that do prophesy are pretty well agreed with the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" that "it seems as if Germany had undertaken too titanic a task." The "Ledger's" reason for this view, too—the "scarcity of provisions" which Germany will feel in a long war—is the usual reason given. The Portland "Oregonian" is inclined to discount Austria's fearsomeness, saying: "Her victories in war have usually been due either to powerful allies or to the insignificance of her enemy." The Boston "Transcript" and the Hartford "Courant" believe that the British fleet is likely to be a determining factor, and the "Wall Street Journal" remarks that "there is one awkward little fact of which the Continental strategists, and some of our own, prepared to divide up the British Empire in advance, conveniently forget. It is that the British navy is always on a war footing." This paper, too, is more sanguine of the possibilities of the British army than most critics, and reminds us that "Great Britain possesses what no other country does, 300,000 men, still of fighting age, who have had the invaluable experience of being shot over."

There seems to be a widespread feeling in America that democracy, which is supposed to blossom in this country, and the republican form of government, which is well exemplified by the United States, will certainly gain by the European struggle. The feeling is that absolutism and the "divine right" fetish are in for a big setback.

"Whatever happens," says the New York "Evening Post," "Europe—humanity—will not settle back again into a position enabling three Emperors—one of them senile, another subject to melancholia, and the third often showing signs of disturbed mental balance—to give, on their individual choice or whim, the signal for destruction and massacre." And the Chicago "Tribune" adds:

> This is the twilight of the kings. Western Europe of the people may be caught in this debacle, but never again. Eastern Europe of the kings will be remade, and the name of God shall not give grace to a hundred square miles of broken bodies.
>
> It is the twilight of the kings. The republic marches east in Europe.

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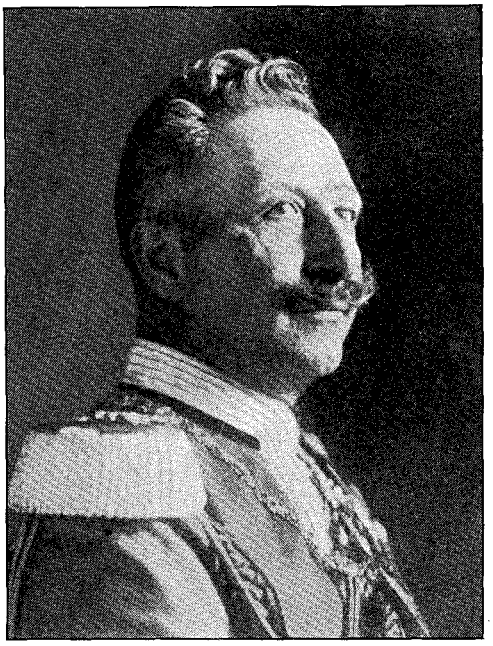
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE KAISER

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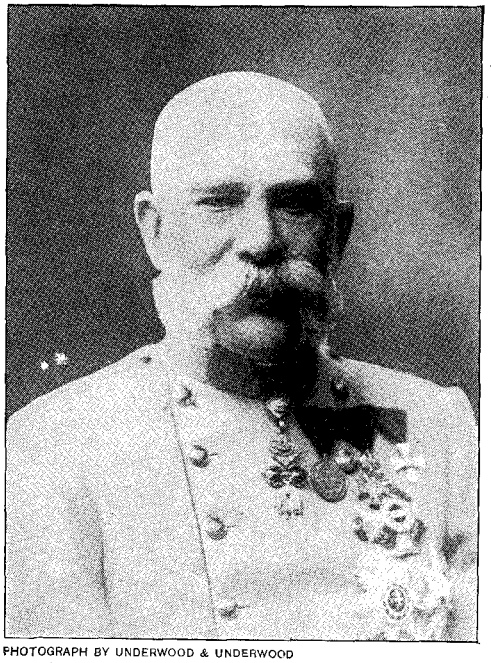
THE CZAR



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THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

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THE KING OF SERVIA

FOUR GREAT FIGURES IN THE EUROPEAN STRUGGLE

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A TROOP OF GERMAN INFANTRY ON THE MARCH

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SERVIAN CAVALRY ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

TYPICAL SOLDIERS OF SOME OF THE

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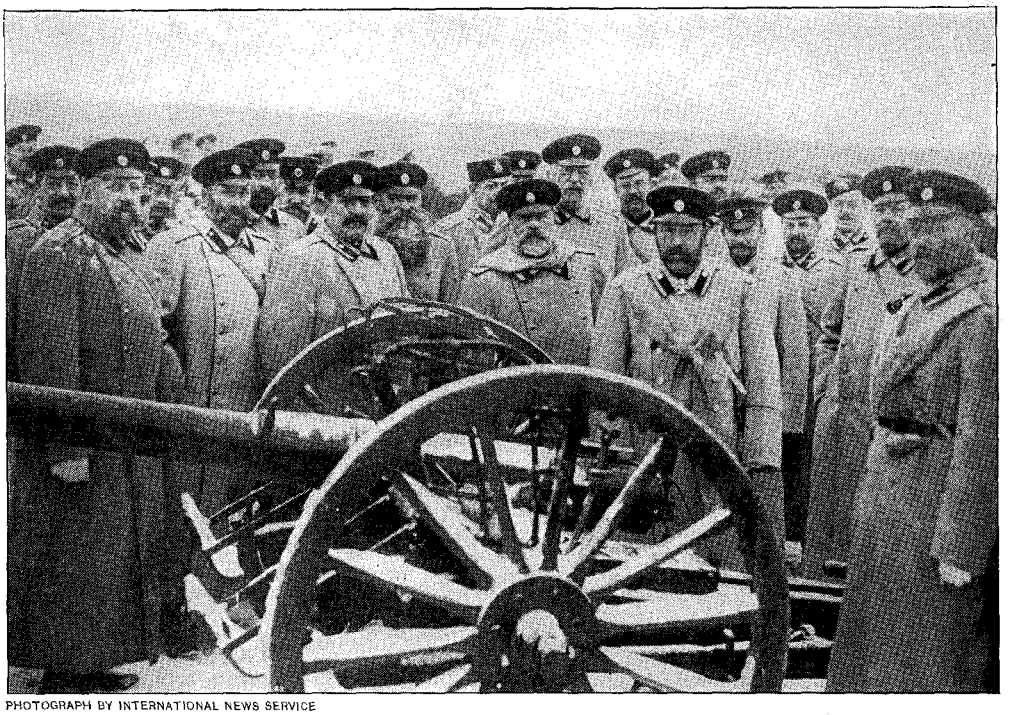

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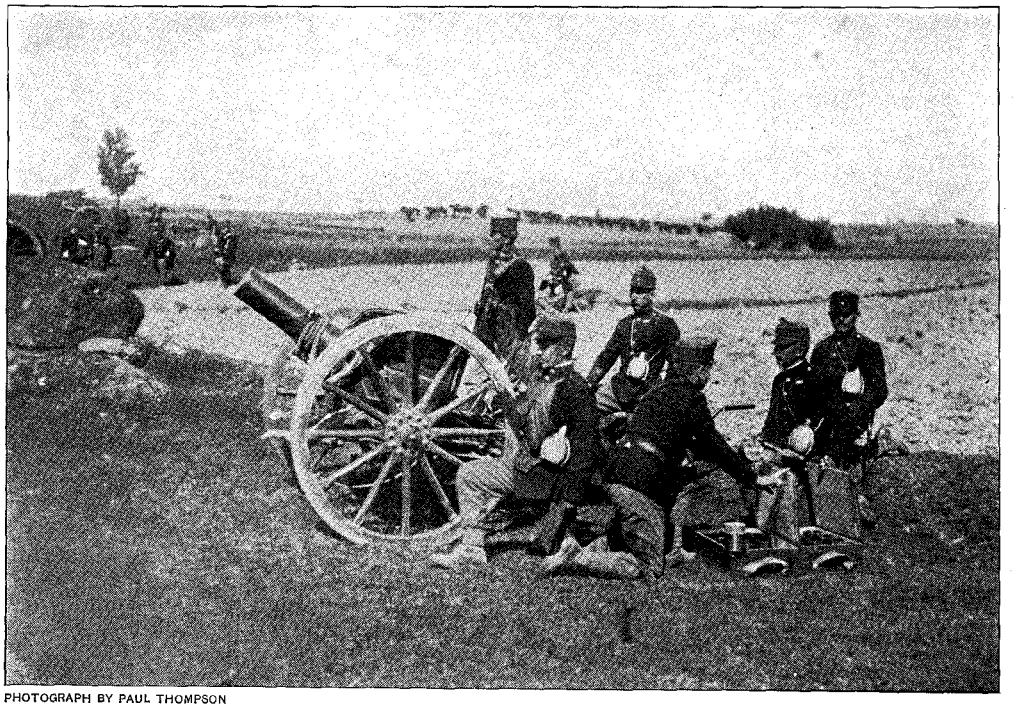
RUSSIAN OFFICERS IN THE FIELD



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

ARTILLERYMEN OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY

CONTENDING EUROPEAN POWERS

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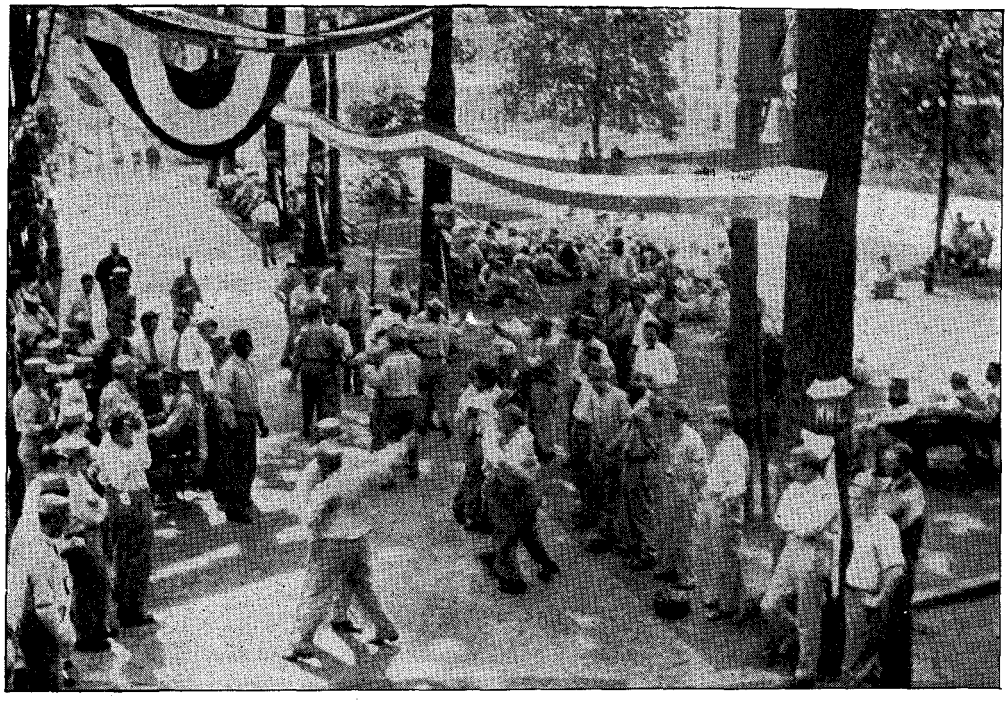
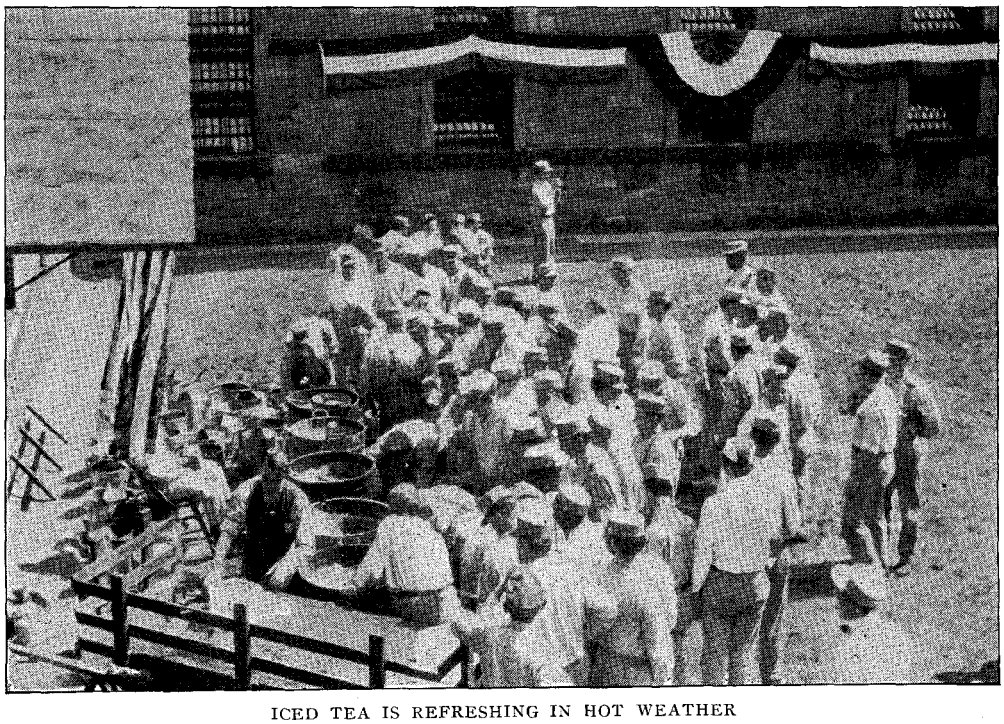


DANCING IS POPULAR INSIDE THE GATES AS WELL AS IN THE FASHIONABLE WORLD OUTSIDE



ICED TEA IS REFRESHING IN HOT WEATHER

NEW METHODS IN THE MANAGEMENT OF CONVICTS

See article on "The New Freedom at Auburn Prison," by Orlando F. Lewis, on another page

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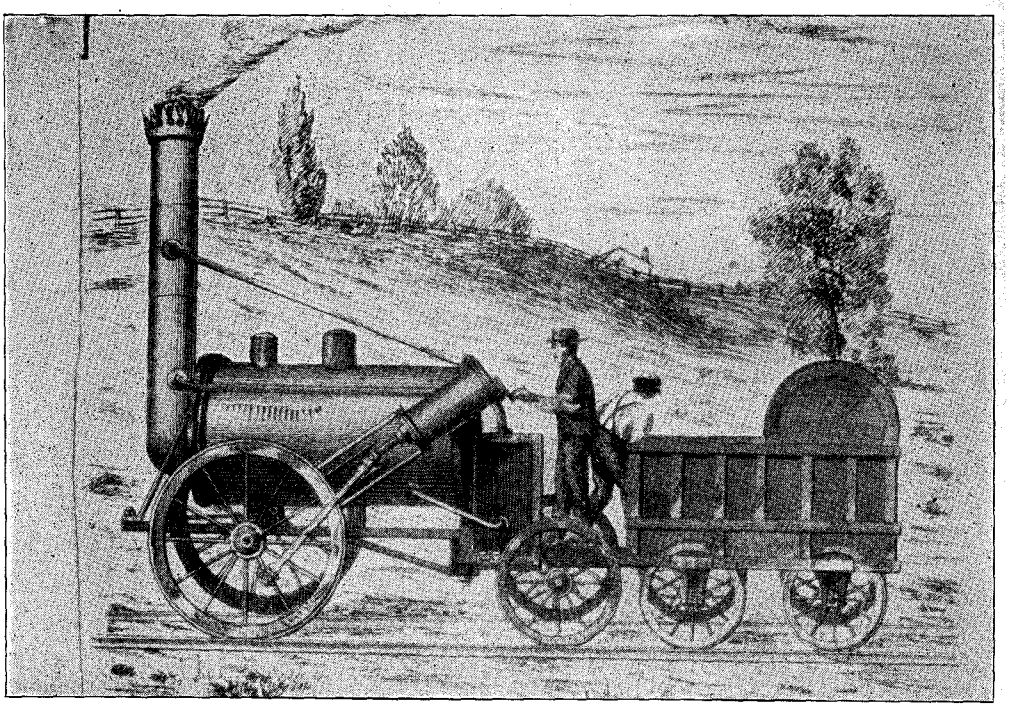
GEORGE STEPHENSON
THE FATHER OF THE RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE



THE "ROCKET," ONE OF THE EARLY LOCOMOTIVES BUILT BY STEPHENSON, WHICH WON A PRIZE OF FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

THE CENTENARY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

It was on July 25, 1814, that George Stephenson tested his first locomotive, which succeeded in drawing eight loaded cars, weighing thirty tons, at the rate of four miles an hour. Later experiments by Stephenson finally resulted in the building, in 1829, of the "Rocket," which attained a speed of 29½ miles an hour at the trial in which it won a prize of £500

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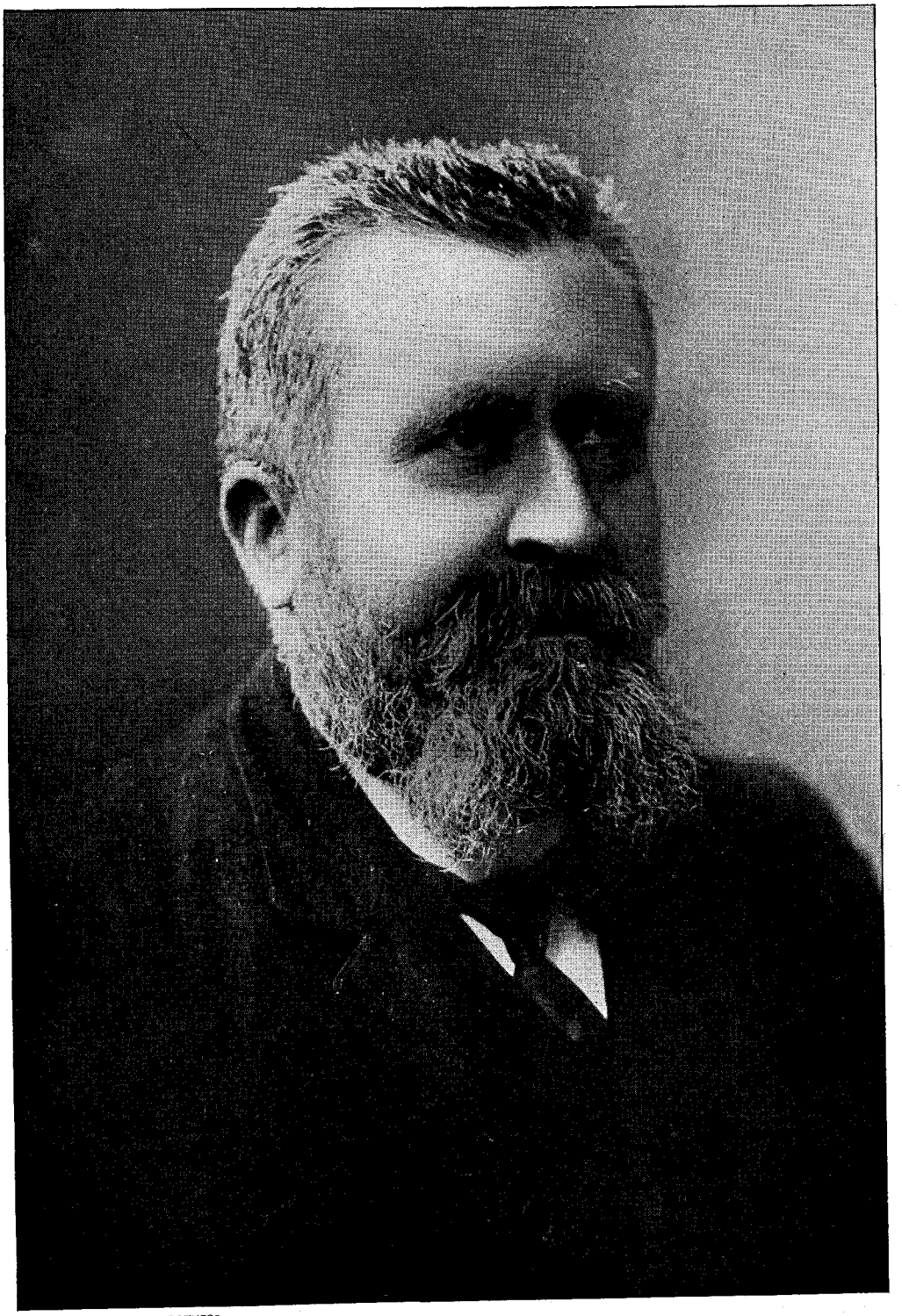

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

JEAN JAURÈS, FRENCH SOCIALIST LEADER

M. Jaurès, who was assassinated July 31 by a fanatic who disliked Jaurès's opposition to war measures, was described by the French Premier, M. Viviani, in these words: "M. Jaurès was a statesman and orator who gave distinction to the French Chamber of Deputies." For fifteen years he had been recognized as the leader of the French Socialists. He was born in 1859. See comment on another page

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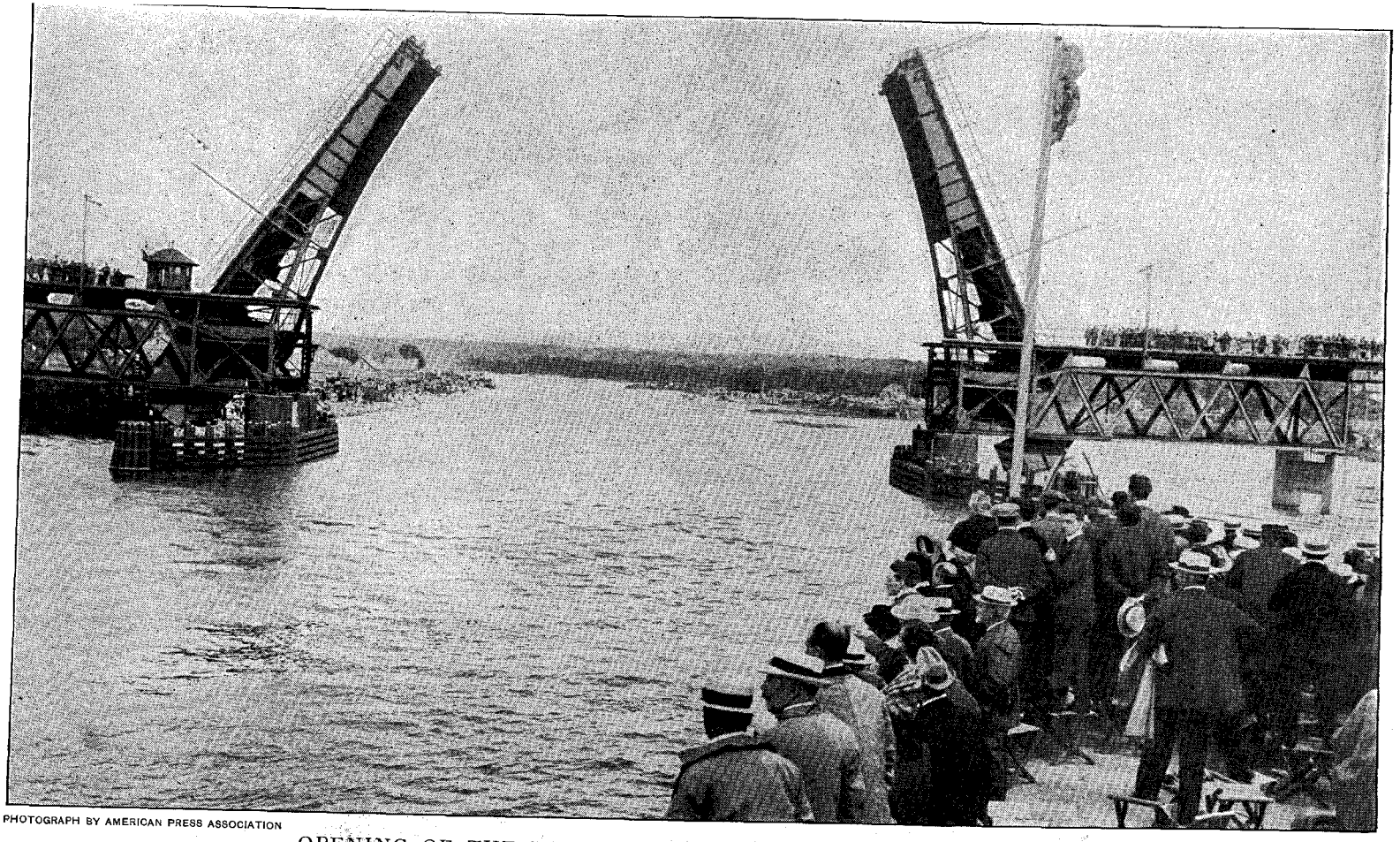

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OPENING OF THE BOSTON, CAPE COD, AND NEW YORK CANAL

This new canal, which connects Buzzards Bay with Massachusetts Bay, will shorten the distance between Boston and New York City seventy miles, and will be an important aid to navigation. The canal is 13 miles long (including the extension into Buzzards Bay), 25 feet deep, and from 100 to 250 feet wide. The picture shows the first bridge open to allow the official boat to pass, on the opening day

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CARTOON BY ROBERT CARTER IN THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN

ANOTHER TRIPLE ALLIANCE

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THE NEW FREEDOM AT AUBURN PRISON

BY ORLANDO F. LEWIS

GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK

THE afternoon of the Fourth of July was drawing to a close in the long building-inclosed yard of Auburn Prison, in the State of New York. Fourteen hundred gray-suited inmates were playing a score of different games. The afternoon's track events had to come to an end. The South Wing, with between four and five hundred prisoners, had won from the North Wing, with some nine hundred prisoners, in the varied contests. A silver cup, given by the president of a prominent mortgage company in New York, was the tangible goal of the exciting battle.

Suddenly the clear bugle notes of the "Retreat" sounded far down the yard, slowly and melodiously. Instantly the boys in gray began to fall into line at their appointed places. There was now silence where a moment before there had been bowling, baseball, running, dancing, piano, band, and the shouts of swarming inmates. Then came the first bars of the "Star-Spangled Banner," played by the prison inmate band. Off came the caps, and down across the breast. The flag sank slowly, lowered from the tall pole by three inmates. The music ceased, the caps were again donned, and from the extreme end of the yard rose suddenly a cheer:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
South Wing! South Wing!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Then, preceded by the band and with banners flying, the victorious athletes of the South Wing marched up the center walk between the files of other prisoners, to receive the silver cup from the hands of the donor, Mr. Richard M. Hurd.

I wish I had the power to make the readers of The Outlook sense in full the enormous significance for both present and future of this recent Fourth of July in Auburn Prison. You have read in these recent months so often of the greatly increased liberties granted to prisoners that mere games or the unchecked intercourse of prisoners on holidays seems no epoch-making novelty.

But history was made at Auburn Prison on Independence Day. For the fourteen hundred men not only ran off their own sports during the afternoon, but they practically ran themselves, through their appointed "delegates," chosen from among their own numbers by their own votes. And assuredly no more orderly group could have been found on that Fourth of July anywhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Two of the scenes of this celebration are shown in our picture section this week.

A year ago Auburn Prison was austere indeed. The holidays and the Sundays were grievously dreaded by the inmates—dreaded as they had been for generations, because a Sunday or a holiday meant that the inmates had been locked into their miserable little cells at about five o'clock on the previous day, and that, except for a few brief hours for chapel or for an entertainment on holidays, they were locked in all through the holiday until the next morning, when work recommenced. Thirty-six hours, more or less, in a wretched little cell, hardly large enough to turn around in, with no modern conveniences of toilet or wash-basins—simply a hole in the solid masonry wall of a building ninety-eight years old, built at a time when prison meant physical torture and oblivion, and when prison architecture aided to the maximum that purpose.

Is it any wonder that a prisoner recently said to me, on a Sunday afternoon at Clinton Prison in New York State, where they still lock up their prisoners from Saturday until Monday, with the exceptions noted: "My God! It's a wonder we don't all go insane in here!" Is it any wonder that at Auburn Prison, according to the words of one of the leading prisoners, the inmates used to consider themselves supremely lucky if by some means they could get "dope" on Saturday, with which to "put a shot into themselves" on Sunday morning? Then they would lie befuddled and bevisioned during Sunday—the Lord's Day! "And on Monday morning," laconically said the prisoner, "we used to have the biggest number of fights in the shops of any day in the week. The effects of the drug were wearing off, you know."

This summer the difference is enormous and fundamental. For an hour or a little more on each week-day, and for four full hours on Sunday, the prisoners are turned out to recreation according to their bent.

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And coincidentally with this all-important change in the prison's policy toward the inmates has come an all-important reduction in the number of prison guards needed to supervise the prisoners at their play. On the morning of the Fourth, for instance, an entertainment was given in the auditorium by a local theatrical company. Practically all the inmates—fourteen hundred—were present. Many of the guards sat in one little corner of the room, in the extreme rear. They had been invited by the Mutual Welfare League, the prisoners' organization, to attend if they desired!

In the afternoon there were four keepers in all in the yard, so I was informed. They were thoroughly inconspicuous. The "P. K." (which is short for Principal Keeper) started the afternoon in uniform, but shortly changed to street clothes. "You'll find him playing ball with the boys later to-day," said one inmate to me. All the guarding at the several exits of the yard was done—apart from the few guards—by the "delegates" of the Mutual Welfare League.

The Mutual Welfare League! To many prison officials, long in the service, the name undoubtedly has a very sentimental sound. I frankly confess that several of us in the little party invited by Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne to attend the League's celebration of the Fourth of July were skeptical. We were afraid it might prove to be amateurish and mushy, even though we knew of the signal value of Mr. Osborne's self-imposed incarceration at Auburn Prison last fall, as shown by the Nation-wide attention given to his subsequent story of the fearful and unnecessary monotony and desperation of prison life. But, as one of our party said on Sunday morning, after we had sat for several hours with the Executive Committee of the League: "I didn't exactly come to scoff and remain to pray; but I did come with doubt, and I go away converted."

What is it, then, about this new freedom at Auburn Prison that has not only converted a cautious, conservative president of a board of reformatory managers in another State, but has led him within a week from his experience at Auburn to urge successfully the introduction of a similiar league in his own institution? Two facts, principally, I think. In the first place, the Mutual Welfare League plan works. Secondly, there is a convincing air of sincerity, and even devotion, about it all.

May I repeat what seems to me the all-important fact about this development at Auburn? The prisoners, in their hours of recreation, in their attendance at chapel, in their attendance at Sunday afternoon concerts or entertainments, *run themselves in large measure.* They have not only given their promise to be good, but they have chosen their own inmate officers to see that they keep their promise. There is all the difference in the world between being run by a group of prison guards, even under the best of benevolent prison despotisms, and being run by prisoner guards of one's own election.

If, then, the most sacred prerogative of the traditional prison official can thus be usurped by the prisoners themselves, and if, in their own expressive language, they can "get away with it," in the sense of securing better order, more work in the shops, a marked reduction in the number of offenses committed or reported, and a radical betterment in the always limited joy of life in a penal institution, what is the inference?

The organization and development of the Mutual Welfare League were simple enough. Last fall, when Mr. Osborne, as chairman of a prison reform commission that had been appointed by the Governor, sent himself to prison for a week, aided thereto by a friendly warden, he informed the prisoners at a previous chapel service that he was coming into prison to try to understand the prison life from the standpoint of the prisoner. He asked the inmates to regard him, "Tom Brown," not as a stool-pigeon, nor as simply a foolish amateur, but as thoroughly in earnest in his desire to better prison conditions by experiencing them, even if only briefly and partially, for a week.

That was Point Number One in the development of what has happened at Auburn. Those who make light of Mr. Osborne's brief career in prison may have a certain justification, in so far as the real prison life can be learned only slowly; but, after all, the results of that October week of Mr. Osborne's, measured by general results both upon himself and upon the prison, have been perhaps the greatest in the history of the century-old prison.

Point Number Two in the development of the new freedom occurred in the basket shop, where Mr. Osborne was given as his teacher and side-partner for the week Jack Murphy, whom Mr. Osborne describes as a very fine and sincere man. From Murphy's character

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came unconsciously to Mr. Osborne the suggestion that prisoners could be trusted far more than had been the case at Auburn. "Why couldn't there be started here," asked Mr. Osborne, "a kind of mutual improvement or mutual welfare league among the prisoners, whereby, in return for pledges of obedience and loyalty to the prison administration, greater freedom and more privileges might be obtained?"

The third step toward the present modified form of self-government occurred after Mr. Osborne, having emerged from his week's imprisonment, gave public expression to his indignation at the alleged mediæval methods of treating human beings behind the bars. These published accounts, spread broadcast over the country, are well remembered. He set to work then to establish a league among the prisoners. And from the beginning he sought to have the League evolve its principles and its pledges from among the men themselves, not through him or through officials of the prison.

The organization was simple. Any prisoner could join the League. The motto was: "Do good, make good." Unquestionably the incentive in the minds of most inmates to join the League was that there might be something in it for them. When similar motives are eliminated from the minds of men who undertake enterprises on the outside of the prison, it will be time to criticise unfavorably such motives inside the walls.

From the League members—and at present nearly every prisoner in Auburn is a member, wearing his little green and white button with "M. W. L." thereon—a board of delegates, forty-nine in number, was elected by the prisoners themselves. This is Point Number Four. The prisoners did their own choosing of their delegate officers. The officers were not superimposed upon them by the prison officials. And in consequence, if these delegate officers did not act on the level; if they became stool-pigeons, bearing all sorts of tales to the prison officials and currying favor thereby, then the prison administration would not be to blame for the choice of inmate officers. It would be squarely up to the inmates themselves. What was the result? A very simple one. Both the companies of inmates and their officers instinctively aimed to adjust themselves to secure the minimum of trouble, at chapel, in the shops, at recreation. Splendid group psychology, and withal so simple. And incidentally it can be said that the inmates have been able to handle most dexterously not a few "tough guys" who had been giving great trouble to the prison administration.

At this stage the movement became bigger than any one man, even Mr. Osborne. The latter had imprisoned himself, he had suggested the formation of the League, he had organized the League; but now it was up to the immates to make of the League a success.

The fifth stage in the development of the League came suddenly and through necessity. Early in June an epidemic of scarlatina struck the prison. Ultimately, about a thousand prisoners were infected. Few were in the hospital, but shop work slackened up to a considerable degree. Were the prisoners in consequence to be locked day after day in their cells? Was it longer necessary? The answer came one afternoon when Warden Rattigan took a long chance. He turned all the prisoners belonging to the League out to exercise or play according to their hearts' content in the big yard, principally under the supervision of the delegates, who until now had been used to move the prisoners to chapel and to entertainments. It was a crucial test. It worked perfectly. Order was maintained, and no efforts at escape were made.

"The boys would tear a fellow to pieces that tried it," one of the prisoners explained to me. "We've pledged ourselves to behave. Besides, do you think we want to lose the privileges we've gained?"

By the Fourth of July the daily recreation period, from four o'clock on, had been going for about a month. What have been the results?

"Everything," answered one of the delegates. "Take my own case. Now I can sleep nights in that small hole in the wall called a cell. I have been here for years, and hardly ever had I had a decent night's sleep. Now I get tired in the recreation hour. And then, too, we have something to look forward to. It's a fearful mistake to make prison life so hopeless. You can't get the best out of a man, in work or anything else, if you don't give him something to work for. Now, if we behave ourselves and are decent members of the League, we have a decent amount of freedom and privileges. We have competitive games in baseball, bowling, and the like. We feel we amount to something. The boys march now with their heads up. We eat better. The food

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tastes better. A lot of the sullen resentment and hatred of the prison administration is gone. The work in the shops is better. There's better discipline."

"What about dope?" we asked. "They say it's a curse at Sing Sing."

"Very little here now," said several delegates at once. "It isn't needed now, and it's frowned upon." Then up spoke one of the huskiest and best proportioned of the Executive Committee of the League. "I'll be frank," he said, emphatically. "I've taken pretty nearly every kind of dope that's known. I took it deliberately. Now I don't need it, and I've cut it out."

"Let me say something else, too," said another delegate. "There's mighty little prison vice here now. You know what I mean. Formerly, when we were all locked up for sixteen hours a day, and hadn't had any decent exercise, or anything to take our minds off of ourselves and our grievances, all sorts of bad things happened. That's the curse of the old prison régime. It turned out, among other things, a lot of degenerates. Now—well, we get pretty well tired, and our mind's taken off of ourselves, and we sleep. There's a good deal, too, in having that sort of thing put under the ban by the fellows themselves."

One of us then asked, "How about the growing criticism that prisoners are getting to have too easy a time of it? When we tell the public in general about this Fourth of July celebration, many will say that the prisoners are having more fun and an easier time than the honest taxpayer."

The delegate, in answering, flared up. "Tell those people to try any prison for a while! What's a prison for? To torture a man, and send him out hating society, and determined to get even for the years he's spent as the old-line prison made him spend it? Nobody except the fellow that's been through it knows what being in prison is. Does the public want us to go insane, get tuberculosis, contract wretched vices, rebel into mutinies, live sixteen hours out of twenty-four in a living tomb, and have day in and day out a miserable monotony of existence that dulls our minds and makes us hate the State that munificently pays us a cent and a half a day, and then often takes away the earnings of months in one single fine for some offense that the very manner of existence here almost forces us to commit? Why, what is this hour of recreation, anyway? It's a health measure, a safety measure, a reformatory measure.

"Do you think fellows would commit crime in order to get into prison to have this little pittance of pleasure? Let me tell you that the very people that talk so about putting the clamps on this giving of soft snaps to prisoners don't know what that other system did to us. Why, there are a lot of fellows here that had made up their minds to pull off another trick just as soon as they got out. Why shouldn't they? But now we have something else to work for."

Much of the above conversation occurred at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the League, to which we were invited. It was essentially a novel experience. Here sat, in the warden's office, and without the warden or any prison official present, a round dozen of convicts, gray-suited and thoroughly in earnest. They discussed prison conditions and prison problems with all the freedom of a board of managers, and with far greater knowledge of actual conditions. Prisoners know more about a prison than does the warden, the warden than does the superintendent of prisons, the superintendent of prisons than do the inspectors, and the inspectors than does the public. Therefore, if the best efforts and the best loyalty of the prisoners can be harnessed up to a reformatory programme of the square deal for both sides, the possibilities of the future loom far larger than have reformatory possibilities in the past.

So Auburn Prison is pointing the way, by an almost revolutionary experiment, to large possibilities in inmate self-government in State prisons and reformatories. As I write these lines the newspapers bring word of a similar Saturday afternoon passed in sports for the first time in the history of Sing Sing. Within the last week the State Reformatory of New Jersey, at Rahway, has adopted tentatively a modified form of inmate self-government. Great Meadow Prison, in New York State, which has been for several years the conspicuous honor prison of the eastern part of the country, marched its six hundred men down to the baseball game on July Fourth, a half-mile from the prison, under inmate overseers.

Self-government, to the limit of its possibilities, is almost a fetish with Mr. Osborne. For many years he was President of the Board of Trustees of the George Junior Republic; there he became convinced that self-

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government is workable not only for youngsters but for older delinquents.

In the old-line prison the ever-present dread of the traditional warden was an escape. His career was judged largely by his ability to suppress escapes, and frequently by his ability to suppress public knowledge of the methods he used to keep order. Today the warden is judged able or poor partly by his ability to develop men out of his prisoners, men who on going out will make good. The entire theory of the old-line prison construction was based on the principle that any prisoner would escape if he could, and use desperate means of so doing. The bars and steel-work that you see everywhere in prisons throughout the country show how ingrained the theory has been. But up at Great Meadow, where the bulk of the prisoners roam unattended by guards at their work during the day, it is almost ridiculous to see them securely caged behind several strata of tool-proof steel at night.

In the last few years demonstrations in scores of prisons and other correctional institutions have shown that, if given the chance, when on honor, the prisoners won't run away. The old adage of "honor among thieves" has taken on an entirely new meaning. It is now "honor among thieves toward the State that trusts them."

The power of discipline in the League is very limited. The only punishment is suspension or elimination from the League. Such action is delegated to the Executive Committee of the League. Actually, this exclusion from the body politic—since almost every prisoner is a member of the League—carries with it two important disadvantages. It stamps the excluded inmates as *anti-social, not only to the prison administration, but to the body of the prisoners.* Secondly, it bars the prisoner from enjoying the freedom privileges that the League enjoys. Therefore the power of suspension, be it for but a few days, has real force. The powers of discipline given to the League by the warden have not been accurately fixed as yet. The warden has told the League that all minor cases of discipline could be punished by them; wisely, I think, the officers of the League have not been desirous of punishing.

So that at present men are turned back to the prison authorities by the League for violation of League discipline. The theory is that these men will be put back under the old discipline of silence and confinement, because they are no longer members of the League. The main body of the prisoners have then no official interest in them, so that the suspension involves practically a return to the old prison routine.

Recently a new Board of Delegates has been elected, and one of their first acts was to adopt a probation system instead of the definite sentence, in the cases of offenders against the League. A committee of parole has been established, which shall visit the suspended men at least once a week, and as soon as the committee thinks that the state of mind of the suspended men warrants the action the Parole Committee recommends to the Executive Committee the restoration of the men to the full privileges of the League.

"A big test is coming," said one delegate, "when the members of the League go out. It will be up to them to justify by their conduct after prison the principles they accepted here and the privileges they received." And the story was told us of one young man who was the first of the delegates to receive his release from prison. He is said to have made a hard fight to stay straight, mainly because he didn't want to "put the League in bad" by having one of its officers go crooked.

And here opens up still another far-reaching possibility. Why should not the members of the League, once released from prison, form committees in the various cities and communities of the State for the purpose of helping the still later ones who come out of Auburn to make good? Heretofore the best that we of the Prison Association of New York have achieved has been to employ big-hearted and sympathetic parole officers—real friends of the released inmates. And we have scored good success. But it has been always a case of supervision and encouragement by the officer.

And so this was the proposition which we members of the Board of Managers of the Prison Association made to the Executive Committee of the League: "Will you co-operate with us in helping released prisoners from Auburn make their parole satisfactorily? Will you have small groups of ex-League members ready in various parts of the State to work with our county committees to the one end of tiding and helping the discharged and released prisoner over the hard months that immediately follow his release?"

With enthusiasm the suggestion has been accepted. One delegate spoke up: "I'm

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going out next month. I don't know where I'll get work, but I'm willing to go anywhere the League sends me. I'm willing and eager to give my life to this work, if I'm wanted!"

Such, briefly, is a picture of the Mutual Welfare League. That it is significant in its possibilities no one can doubt. What its outcome will be a year from now it would be hazardous to forecast. It may be but a burst ahead of the general humanitarian movement that characterizes prison reform throughout the country. It may be that when the altruistic enthusiasm that now holds the more thoughtful members of the League wanes, as wane it will to some extent, there will come a slump, and an arrogance of demand for more privileges that will give to the reactionary among prison administrators a chance to say, "I told you so!"

But I much doubt it. The greater danger will come from possible stupidity of prison administration, a change perhaps of authority at the prison, and a consequent lack of sympathy with the purpose of the League.

One thing seems sure. Prisons and reformatories will not go back to the old-line repressive and often brutal treatment. The transition to what will ultimately become the new treatment of delinquents is being attended by various experiments, often startling and sometimes amazing. We are not a Nation that thinks for a long time before acting in prison reform. Our successes have come so far largely from experimenting, retaining the successes and scrapping the failures. How much of the honor system, the back-to-the-land movement, the road-work movement, and the increasing classification of prisoners will be scrapped, it is much too early as yet to say.

The final test will probably be along two lines. We shall determine how the "new freedom" works within prison walls, applying the acid tests of health, increased efficiency in labor, reformative value, education, and general training for a decent life in society. We shall also have to show, if we are friends of the "new freedom," that such treatment within the prison produces a larger number of permanent reformations after prison, a higher percentage of those who make good.

In short, the ultimate test is going to be, not the increased possibility afforded the prisoner of enduring his prison term, nor yet the increased ease of administration of correctional institutions, but fairly and squarely as to whether society, from which all these prisoners come, and which has been the sufferer by them, is to be permanently better protected from their further depredations by giving them what to-day seems to be a square deal within the prisons, and a decent chance to make good after they come out.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?" WHAT WAS THE QUESTION?

BY EDWARD BENNET BRONSON

THE verb *to be*, in the opening line of Hamlet's soliloquy, has been commonly taken in the sense of to exist, to have being. Apparently this construction has been accepted without dissent. Thus the great Murray Dictionary, under this definition of the verb, cites the above line as its example; and the Century Dictionary likewise. Among the known Shakespearean commentators, so far as the writer is aware, this convention is adopted by all. To challenge it at this late day would doubtless seem to the worshiper of authority the height of temerity.

It must be admitted, however, that the phrasing of Hamlet's question is strange; that its import is obscure. In a thesis such obscurity would be a literary sin, however justifiable in poetry. In order to make the question comport with the context and with the thought that was presumably uppermost in Hamlet's mind various suppositions have been offered. In the Furness Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, under the heading "To be or not to be?" they fill several pages. But, while they differ from each other, they all assume that the question relates to some

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state of existence. It stands as a cryptic introduction to the reflections that follow on the mystery of being—on life, death, or immortality. Apparently this interpretation has prevailed ever since Shakespeare's time. Indeed, we have reason to suppose that the same existed *in* Shakespeare's time. Thus the Quarto of 1603, the earliest edition extant and published but a few years after the play was produced—though of very questionable authenticity, and probably a copy made partly from memory and partly from notes jotted down by a reporter at the play—serves nevertheless to show that whoever was responsible for it had formed the same impression of the meaning of "to be" as the later commentators. The opening lines run as follows:

> "To be or not to be, I there's the point;
> To die, to sleepe is that all? I all
> No, to sleepe, to dreame, I, Mary
> there it goes."

And so on it goes, in a dreary travesty that is no more like Shakespeare than is the stone-cutter's doggerel on his tomb. (*Pace*, shade of Mark Twain!)

It is not impossible, furthermore, that Shakespeare himself tacitly assented to this interpretation, after noting its effect when the play was acted, whatever his original intention may have been. To the actor it certainly affords opportunity for an effect most dramatic. With deep tone and awesome utterance he foreshadows something portentous and of deep mystery. At once the audience is hushed, and in alert attention awaits what is to follow. All the great actors have made much of this opportunity.

Edwin Booth, the ideal Hamlet of our time (the memory of whose great impersonation none since has ever been able to efface), when, with measured tread, he came down the stage and, assuming a pose of deep abstraction—one of those poses that led some one to say, "He made statues all over the stage"—in a murmuring tone that was almost a whisper but could be heard distinctly in every part of the silenced house, he uttered his "To be or not to be," he was groping in a realm of mystery. And so with the two Hamlets that have recently occupied our stage, they impart a similar impression. Forbes-Robertson, before he speaks the lines, with arms raised aloft, makes a baffled gesture, as though seeking vainly to brush away the tangled doubts that cloud his mortal vision. Mr. Sothern, with what is perhaps an actor's license, comes in deeply engrossed in a book he is reading. There is no such direction in the modern editions at this place, but he has the authority of Hunter, who says that this stage business is directed in the first quarto, where the soliloquy is placed in the Second instead of the Third Act, as it appears in all the later editions. He even goes so far as to suggest the kind of book Hamlet was reading—one by Cardan, on "Life, Death, and Futurity," that he presumes Shakespeare must have read.

All such devices go to show a dilemma, owing to the vagueness of the words, requiring something explanatory, something to make a better joining with the context. But how can we make this rendering hinge on the succeeding clause? It reads:

> "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And, by opposing, end them."

This part of the question is wanting in the Quarto of 1603, but appears in that of 1605, and in all the editions since. As it stands in the text, it would appear to pertain to some alternative implied in the "To be or not to be." It states the question in a more definite form; but there is nothing in this second clause that relates to existence, either in this life or in the so-called life to come. It makes the alternative relate rather to a question of justification for something, to a point in casuistry—"That is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind" to endure passively or to oppose with violence. It would seem, though, as if the point were raised only for the purpose of bracing a failing resolution. He puts to himself a futile question that would seem to answer itself. If he believes, as in his inmost heart he surely does, that the King has murdered his father, usurped his father's throne and Queen, it were ignoble not to act; to resort to violent action in avenging his father's murder would be the impulse of a noble mind. But to assault the King would mean, with little doubt, the sacrifice of Hamlet's own life; and then follow, in natural sequence, the queries concerning death and the "something" after death, which again "puzzles" his will. The sequence is all quite natural except for the enigmatic line, "To be or not to be."

There is reason to believe that after his plays had once been written and produced

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Shakespeare gave himself little concern about their publication. With all the editing they have undergone in the successive editions, there can be no certainty that every phrase has come down to us precisely as Shakespeare wrote it. Wherever a phrase is of doubtful meaning, the only way to interpret it is by the context. For there is nothing more characteristic of Shakespeare's writings than the consecutive order of his ideas. I have heard it said that actors memorize Shakespeare with comparative ease, because each expressed thought flows into the next in such logical sequence. But here, with the first line rendered as it usually is, there is a distinct break.

Now let us try the experiment of construing the verb *to be* in another sense, one quite different from that which we have thus far considered, and also one in much more common use, to wit, in the sense of *to take place, to come to pass*, as used in such phrases as "Is it to be?" "Where is it to be?" Here is implied an event, an act or deed.

As the question now reads it is incomplete. Something is understood; something is lacking to fix the meaning. Did it read, "Am I to be?" the common interpretation would be quite justified. Let us read, however, "Is it to be?" and see how it fits the context, how it accords with what was presumably Hamlet's previous and existing state of mind, and with the train of succeeding thoughts in his soliloquy.

The one thing that has possessed his mind since the apparition of his father's ghost is the "*mandate*," and the deed of vengeance he has vowed to perform. From this naught else shall swerve him:

> "Remember thee!
> Yea; from the tablets of my memory
> I'll wipe away all trivial fond records . . .
> And thy commandment all alone shall live."

But as time passes doubts distract him. From too much introspection he distrusts himself, and his purpose grows infirm. The "hue" of his "resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

It is not fear of death that deters him from his purpose. Indeed, death would be an easy solution of his dilemma. The idea of suicide, however, that some with slight reason have surmised to be the essential theme of the soliloquy, though it once entered his mind, found no lodgment there. "The Everlasting" had "fix'd his canon against self-slaughter." That was final. Hamlet is a religious man of unquestioning Christian faith, as is clearly evinced in many places. Whatever vagaries may have tinctured his religion, its essential principles were for him sacred. Is it conceivable that with the convictions he held he could doubt that cardinal tenet of the Christian faith which affirms the immortality of the soul? No, these were not the things that perplexed him. The question on which he wavered was a question of filial duty. It was his conscience that faltered, and the first, the most harrowing, doubt that beset him concerned the verity of the "commandment." Was the apparition something real—in very truth, his father's ghost?

> "The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil: and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakess and my melancholy . . .
> Abuses me to damn me."

He'll have grounds "more relative." "The play's the thing, wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." But this supreme test has not yet been applied. It may fail. It may afford no more positive proof than he already has. Must the deed still be done? He feels it must, and yet he hesitates. A sudden impulse of passion would fix his resolution, but the right moment never comes. Once he thought it had, when he thrust his sword through the arras, thinking to catch the King, and then, instead of the consummation of his vengeance, he only committed a blundering murder.

Hamlet is fully conscious of his own weakness of spirit, and upbraids himself in words of withering scorn. But, passion failing to give the incentive to action, later on, in the soliloquy, when he is in a calmer mood, he resorts again to reason; as though it were possible to contemplate a deed of vengeance in calm repose of mind, or go about it in the perfunctory way of Brutus when he stabs Cæsar. Hamlet is not a Brutus, nor could he, like a Hamilton, when once he had determined his course of action in the most serious crisis of his life, pursue it unwaveringly to the bitter end. He was not without force of character, but his strongest impulses were beset with countervailing emotions that tended to make them futile. Though not the type we most admire, it is truly a human type and more deserving of pity than of scorn.

In deepest melancholy he puts his case. It might almost be called his apology: "With all my doubts and misgivings, shall the deed

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be done or not? Would it be worthier of me to break my vow and suffer the ills of 'outrageous fortune,' or obey the mandate and be a regicide? In killing the King I risk my own life; in short, it means death; and what is death? Eternal sleep—nothing more. Surcease of all pain and trouble. Nay, if it be sleep, then will there be 'dreams.'" And it is the prospect of an eternity of dreams and conscience that gives him "pause"—and so the "currents" of his fateful "enterprise" are turned "away and lose the name of action."

Contemplative and gentle, Hamlet's spirit revolted at turbulence and violence. Conscientious, but over-sensitive and vacillating, he was by nature totally inept for decisive action in the terrible moral crisis in which he found himself enmeshed.

"Must I, can I, do this thing? Is't to be or not to be? That is the question." But he could not give the answer.

"THE ACCUSED SHALL ENJOY—"

BY DONALD R. RICHBERG

THE postal inspector knocked loudly on the rickety barn door. A big, slovenly man opened it and stood blinking in the sunlight at the three grouped in the narrow alley.

"Mulraney?" inquired the deputy.

The small blue eyes of the face in the doorway shifted to the third man—a clerk from the branch post-office.

"Hello, Bill!" said the slovenly one; then to the others, "Yes, I'm Mulraney."

"You're wanted downtown."

"What for?"

"Forgery of a postal order," said the inspector, bluntly.

The burly face whitened a shade. The alcoholic blotches stood out unpleasantly. But the man looked more puzzled than worried.

"Oh, that thing," he said, slowly. "Why, Bill, you said it was all right."

"Never said nothing of the sort," blurted out the clerk.

"You said to get it indorsed," Mulraney accused him. "Wasn't that right? I'll give back the money. Haven't got it just now. But can't I fix this up? I didn't mean nothing—"

"That'll do," interrupted the deputy. "You can't fix anybody here, and you'd better not talk if you know what's good for you. You come along."

A few days later Mulraney, in company with a blackmailer accused of misusing the mails, was brought into the Federal court-room. The blackmailer pleaded not guilty and asked for a lawyer. Mulraney muttered a similar request.

The gaunt-faced Judge, with a grim smile, appointed a fashionable attorney to defend the blackmailer and an over-schooled, under-educated fledgling at the bar to represent the forger. Thus, unexpectedly, Mulraney became my client. His was my first criminal case. At the outset I think we viewed each other with equal suspicion and distaste. Since he was obviously unable to furnish bail, I interviewed him in the "cage" in the Marshal's office at the top of the court-house.

It was a very uncomfortable day early in July. The feeble breeze from the west carried the dry heat of the prairies into the stifling canyons between the tall buildings, and all Chicago simmered in the sun. The creosote blocks and softened asphalt perspired freely. High collars and ideals alike wilted rapidly. Mulraney discarded coat, vest, and shirt as he told his story, mopping his forehead with a fat, dirty hand, and intermittently cursing the weather.

"I'll tell you just how it was, and you can see if I got a good case," he began. "I came out of my barn one morning—that's about three weeks ago. I'm a painter, you know; not regular. I do odd jobs. Help support my old mother." His glance required sympathetic understanding, so I nodded encouragement. "I come out of the barn, where I keep my things, and see this piece of blue paper lying in the mud. I pick it up. It says, Five Dollars. I never see one of these things before. Didn't know if it was any good—like finding a five-dollar bill, you know. It says, Stockyards Branch Post-Office; so I go down there to see. I

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go up to the window where I know a fellow—used to play ball with him.

"I says, 'Hello, Bill!' He says, 'Hello, Miller!' (That's my baseball name. I used to play semi-pro. ball. They always called me Miller.")

"That was the name you signed on the postal order," I interrupted.

"Yes, that's my baseball name. More people call me that than Mulraney. Well, I shove this piece of paper in the window and says, 'Is that any good, Bill?' He looks at it and says: 'You got to get it indorsed'—just like that. I remember his words, 'You got to get it indorsed.'"

"But, look here," I remonstrated, "this order was payable to Mrs. Ella Whiting, Saginaw, Michigan. How could you get it indorsed? Didn't he ask you where you got it?"

Mulraney looked as blank as a child asked to explain the law of gravitation.

"No, he didn't say nothing else—just that, 'You got to get it indorsed.' So I says, 'Thanks,' and picks it up and goes out.

"I walk down Halsted Street a block or so and then I meet Joe McGinnis. Let's see; that was in front of the feed-store. That's three blocks down. Well, I meet Joe. Used to play ball with him too. Hadn't seen him in two years. We talk a while—standing by his wagon. He's driving a tea-wagon now. He says, 'What you doing, Jack?' I says, 'Oh, painting when I get a job.' I says, 'I just been up to the post-office.' He says, 'What for?' I pull the piece of paper. I says, 'Trying to get some money on this. The fellow there—Bill Cleary, you remember him—says I got to get it indorsed.'

Joe, he looks at it and says, 'I'll indorse it for you,' just like that. He says, 'I'll indorse it for you.' He takes a fountain pen and jumps on the wagon seat and writes on the back of it. 'There it is,' he says. 'Guess that's all right now.' He gives it back, says, 'So long, Jack; don't take any bad money'—kind of a joke, you know—then he drives away."

"So that is why the writing on the back is different from yours," I argued. "Of course I knew you didn't write on the back. It's not at all like your signature on the front."

"No, I'm no scholar," admitted Mulraney. "I never went to school much. Joe, he could always write well. Used to keep the scores of the games—when the other side would let him."

It had been plain to me that my client hadn't forged the order. He had thick, clumsy hands. His signature on the front of the order acknowledging payment was in the cramped hand of an illiterate. The forged indorsement on the back was in a round commercial hand: "Pay to the order of John Miller—Mrs. Ella Whiting." Point number one in the case was that Mulraney had not been guilty of forgery. But the questions left were: Had he procured a forgery in a legal sense? Or had he knowingly passed a forged order?

"Then," said Mulraney, breaking in on my reflections, "I go back to the post-office."

"Right away?" I cried, amazed at such stupidity in crime. "The same day?"

My client looked innocently puzzled. He leaned forward and put a moist hand consolingly on my knee.

"Yes, I know I went right back. The same fellow was at the window."

"Had you been drinking?" I demanded, as the only reasonable explanation. "You see, this order was payable to a woman in Saginaw, Michigan. How could you expect a postal official to believe that you had had it indorsed by her when you brought it back in half an hour?"

"Well, maybe it was three-quarters of an hour," he replied, not comprehending what had disturbed me. "No, I hadn't been drinking—that is, nothing to count. I may have had a glass or two."

"Of what?"

"Just beer. Yes, I remember I had a glass on the way back to the post-office. Guess it was about three-quarters of an hour. You see, the same fellow was there. I shove the paper in, and he looks at it. He says, 'Sign here,' pointing to that place on the front. 'Same as on the back,' he says, giving me a pen. So I sign it 'John Miller.' Then he takes five dollars out of his pocket and gives it to me."

"Why did he take it out of his pocket?" I asked.

"Don't know. First he opens the drawer. Then he stops and takes some bills out of his pocket; gives me two twos and a one. I says, 'Thanks, Bill,' and goes out. That's all I know until them three fellows come for me the other day. I didn't mean nothing wrong. Ain't that a good case?"

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His tone implied that if it wasn't a good case circumstances could be altered to fit a good case. But then it was hardly reasonable to expect the man to ride truth into prison if a lie would carry him to freedom. The setting of his story may have been gilded by a very limited imagination, but the tale itself appeared to me as a gem of exact statement.

"No, it's not a good case," I answered. There was no reason to deceive him. "It's a very desperate case. And if you haven't represented the facts exactly as they occurred it may be a hopeless case. Don't forget, Mulraney, that the postal inspection does good work. The District Attorney will probably know just what really happened. If you don't give your lawyer also full information, you won't be able to make much of a fight."

"I'm telling it to you just as it happened," he asserted.

"Have you got a police record?" I asked, my thoughts going off on a tangent. "Ever been in jail?"

"Never got sent up," was his answer. "Been run in with the boys sometimes—just a spree, you know, nothing bad. Never was even sent to the Bridewell."

"Well, that's helpful, at least. Do you want me to suggest pleading guilty and see if you can get a light sentence? I don't mean that I think you guilty—that is, I don't think you've done anything very bad. It looks to me just like a very stupid effort to get a little easy money that didn't belong to you. Personally I don't think you ought to go to jail. But as a lawyer, knowing that the conviction record in the Federal courts is about ninety per cent, and knowing that you have a tough case and no money with which to fight it, I must give you a chance to get off with a light sentence if I can."

"It was only five dollars," he said, evidently thinking of the small penalties for petty thieving. "What would they give me?"

"The smallest sentence for forgery is two years in the penitentiary. You weren't guilty of that, anyhow—though in a way you procured a forgery. I would try to get the smallest sentence for passing a forged order. That's one year."

"One year in the pen?" The big drops stood out on his forehead. The red blotches on his cheek turned to a sickly pink. "I didn't suppose it was as bad as that. I didn't mean nothing. That fellow, Bill, he said to get it indorsed. That didn't seem wrong. I've been paid for work sometimes with checks. I had to get a friend to indorse 'em. I never seen one of these things, but I thought it was the same!"

"But the checks were payable to you. You had a right to the money," I explained. "This order was payable to a woman in Saginaw. It was her money. You had no right to it."

"But if I find a five-dollar bill, it ain't mine—but no one's going to jug me for taking it. Then, I had this indorsed. Didn't that make it right? Couldn't Joe indorse it? Was it his fault? I don't see that I did nothing. Just signed my name. That's my name all right—my baseball name—John Miller."

It was plain that intricacies of finance were beyond Mulraney's comprehension. However, in order that he might not think I was trying to get rid of the case I worked hard to explain his responsibility to him. But we ended just about where we began.

"One year, or maybe two, for five dollars," he said. "Wouldn't the judge do better than that?"

"He couldn't," I was forced to reply.

"Haven't I got any show?"

"Yes, you've got just one fighting chance. I'll give it to you if you want it. Only if we make a tough fight and the judge gets down on you and gives you a stiff sentence, I don't want you to hold me responsible."

"The fellow here"—pointing to the guard—"says I got a smart lawyer," he remarked, ingratiatingly.

"He's jollying you." I was unwilling to sap his courage by telling him that I had never tried a criminal case. "But if you had the best lawyer in town, he'd tell you that this is a hard case. I'll negotiate with the District Attorney, anyhow, to see if I can find out what they really have against you."

My friend the prosecutor's assistant, Walker, gave me little encouragement.

"Mulraney's a bum," was his pronouncement. "He trails with a bad gang back of the yards. They'll 'roll' a man for two dollars. Hang around the saloons, you know, to 'frisk' small change off drunks. It's a good time to make an example of one of them. We'll show them that they can't fool with the Federal law and count on some ward politician to get them off with a small fine. Better advise him to plead guilty, old man. Maybe two years would be all right.

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I think the judge would take our recommendation. We won't discuss anything less."

Mulraney's brother called at my office in the afternoon. He was an honest-faced young fellow who worked hard for his living. He didn't heap any praise upon brother Jack, although he was quite sure that he had not intended to commit a crime.

"Jack's never been very steady," he admitted. "But he never got mixed up in anything bad. I wish you'd do what you can for him. I haven't got any money, but I'll do anything you say to help. No, I don't think I'd better try to get any one to testify to his reputation. He hasn't worked very regular. Father Michael, the priest, you know, he's rather down on Jack. It wouldn't help much. Mother's pretty sick. We haven't told her. She don't see Jack sometimes for a month or so. She won't think anything about not hearing from him."

Altogether, my client did not grow as an object of sympathy. Yet, somehow—perhaps it was my youth—the demand of the law seemed monstrous. Two years in the Federal penitentiary for five dollars!

"This isn't a crime," I insisted angrily to the Assistant District Attorney. "It's just a case of sheer stupidity—the fool attempt of a very ignorant man to get a little easy money. I don't know what that postal clerk meant by not warning him. It looks like a mean attempt on his part to trap a man into crime. But Mulraney says that Cleary hasn't anything against him and has always been friendly. It's at least half the fault of the Government, anyhow. Why doesn't the Post-Office Department print in red ink on its money orders, 'Cashing this order by a person not entitled thereto is a crime'?"

"Do you think that Mulraney would have understood that?" inquired Walker, with a grin.

"Perhaps not," I admitted. "But at least the Government should try to warn ignorant people. The order itself looks like money. I can see how Mulraney was led astray."

"Oh, I suppose there should be some warning," said the prosecutor. "We get quite a number of these cases. A good deal of it is ignorance. When we think the man is really innocent, we go light on him. But the postal inspector says Mulraney's a bad egg, and my chief's business is to convict if the inspector says a man is crooked."

I told my client the discouraging results of my investigations. It was late in the afternoon before the day fixed for his trial. He had been brought over to the marshal's office from the county jail where he was confined at night.

"It looks like, Take two years or fight, Mulraney," was my summing up. "There isn't but just one point on which to fight—if the Court will let me argue on that."

"It's a jury case, ain't it?" he asked. "I hear there's always a chance with a jury."

"You've been talking with men who are going to be tried in the State courts," I explained. "The judge hasn't much to say there. The jury can do as it pleases. I could make a strong plea to a jury if this were a State case. But it isn't. In the Federal courts the judge really tries the case. The jury has the final say, but the judge tells them what he thinks they ought to do. You see, he instructs them orally—just talks to them. The jurymen have more respect for the judge than in the State courts because of the very fact that the judge has more power. The judge will be against us in this, and that will probably carry the jury. It's a slim chance, but I'll make the fight if you say so."

There was a long silence. Mulraney looked down into the busy streets eight stories below, where the work-released crowds were swarming toward the street cars. Some hurried along at a cheerful pace, but the greater part of the little figures moved sluggishly in the sullen heat that still oppressed the city. Yet they were free, and going home.

Mulraney's forehead puckered plaintively. He rolled a cigarette with paper and tobacco supplied by the indulgent guard and licked the edges together with painful care. His hands shook as he shielded the match flame. After a few deep inhalations he seemed to gather courage and his weak jaw came forward obstinately. He peered at me in the half-light of the low-ceilinged room. His groping hand touched one of the steel bars across the window and he jerked himself out of indecision.

"I want to fight," he said, huskily.

"All right," I said; "I'll do my best."

The next morning, while waiting for the call of "United States against Mulraney," I heard the blackmailer who had been arraigned with my client plead guilty under advice of counsel. He acknowledged having written a letter threatening a notably honorable citizen with exposure of a mythical visit to a notorious hotel. The price of silence

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he fixed at five hundred dollars. The good citizen, being both unusually decent and courageous, and having a loyal wife and a perfect alibi, had turned the letter over to the District Attorney. For this despicable crime, which would poison the victim's whole life with a certain amount of unjust suspicion, the smirking prisoner made a worthless apology and received six months in the Du Page County jail! His guard remarked comfortingly as they passed me:

"Six months out there under the trees will pass very quickly. The sheriff is a good fellow. He'll treat you all right."

Following this neat example of speedy and exact justice, I informed the Court that my client maintained his plea of not guilty and that I desired one week's continuance in order to prepare a proper defense. The judge looked his surprise at the idea of taking a week to prepare a defense for a man who couldn't afford to employ a lawyer. The prosecutor smiled indulgently at the folly, but did not oppose the request. I was therefore granted a week for the task which I had imposed on myself of learning more about one particular point of law than any one else at the trial would probably know. Mulraney's faith in me was revived by the achievement of obtaining for him another week's board in the county jail, so that he left the court-room in a most unjustified state of cheer.

One week later the stage was set for the judicial drama guaranteed to all criminals by the Constitution. "The accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury." The extent of the enjoyment, however, even as the result of "the pursuit of happiness," depends largely on the finances of the accused.

To the credit of the Government it should be stated that the prosecution was staged with a liberal hand. No less than three assistant district attorneys occupied one side of the counsel table. A postal inspector, a deputy marshal, and a messenger sat next in order. Behind them was a squad of witnesses. Upon the high bench sat a venerable judge, a Civil War veteran of stern, unblemished character. The minute clerk and other court attachés lounged in their accustomed places. Lastly, twelve good men and true were herded into the jury box, which was comfortably equipped with large swivel chairs, in order that the jury mind might not be affected by any avoidable discomfort of the jury body. The State had done its part well. Every ounce of power in aid of the impressiveness of the Government's case had been applied.

This shambling, hulking person brought in by a uniformed keeper was the prisoner. What had he done to stage his defense?

In truth, it must be admitted that Mulraney had done little or nothing. He had made his supreme effort when he had sturdily stood upon his sacred rights as a "person" and demanded a lawyer. As a result of this stroke he was now supported by a somewhat pale, rather scared-looking stripling experimenting with his first criminal case. Beyond acquiring this dubious aid the prisoner had done nothing. His naked presence was almost an affront to the overwhelming majesty of the force to which he was opposed.

One hears much about the right of appeal. It is an inviolable right, the law books report, in order that the errors of the lower court may be corrected by the wisdom of the higher courts—or *vice versa*, as it sometimes happens. But to appeal one must have a record of what has happened at the trial for the information of the higher court. To have a record requires that a stenographer take down the testimony, the objections, the rulings, and the arguments, and then typewrite his notes, which are bound together, with copies of the official records, and presented to the court of appeal. Here is the point where Mulraney had failed utterly to live up to the obligations of a defendant. A stenographer's time costs ten dollars a day. For his typewritten notes he charges about forty cents a page. Then the clerk of the court charges fixed fees for his work in preparing the record.

Mulraney had no money. His family had no money. Mulraney had no friends with money. Therefore Mulraney could not have a record. Mulraney could not appeal. He still had the sacred right of appeal—a wonderful and intricate legal mechanism. But it could not be run without oil, and Mulraney had no oil.

My client's failure to stage his defense adequately put him and his lawyer at a great disadvantage. If the prosecution introduced improper and prejudicial evidence with the permission of the Court, my objections became mere protests instead of threats of reversing the case. If the judge ruled or spoke improperly, I had no redress. If proper evidence offered for the prisoner was

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ruled out or proper argument suppressed, there could be no ultimate righting of the wrong. And the progress of the case showed these to be no idle apprehensions.

Mulraney's stupidity in becoming involved in a penitentiary offense for the matter of five dollars was intellectual brilliance compared to the folly of defending his case without the aid of the sacred right of appeal.

To my perturbed vision it almost seemed that judge and prosecutors noted the vacant stenographer's table with a distinct air of relief. With the inviolable right of appeal locked up for debt, the defense was without shield or buckler, and the Government thrice armed.

When the defendant's counsel table shows the furrowed brows and piercing glances of a picked squadron of leaders of the bar, when relays of stenographers are grouped around the witness stand, when the prisoner makes a triumphal progress through curious crowds from his motor car to the court-room, when he is greeted reverently by distinguished citizens in full view of the humble jury, when high-bred and exquisitely clad members of the defendant's family group themselves effectively behind his chair, when the awed prosecutor defers properly to his "brother at the bar"—whose political influence may have given the prosecutor his job—when, in a word, the stage is adequately set for the defense, then the prisoner may feel that he has lived up to his Constitutional obligations. Then the sacred right of appeal is the tyrant of the court-room. When its voice is heard, the haughtiest judge will tremble and the hand of Justice shake in dread lest her scales be condemned for giving short weight.

But it was a depressing sight to see Mulraney slip into his lonely chair behind his lonely young attorney. And no one appreciated more than that attorney how amateurish the prisoner appeared in his Constitutional rôle. No imagination could see in him the militant figure of the wrongfully accused enjoying his right of trial by jury. Mulraney wasn't enjoying it at all. He was horribly scared. And his lawyer—a sort of farewell gift from the State—was also horribly scared. For I was suddenly conscious that where the personified right of appeal should have sat whittling his pencils at the stenographer's table there was an empty chair. And in my bitterness I remembered the maxim, "*De minimis non curat lex*," which our jurisprudence has translated, "The law doesn't care for the little people." I repeated it over and over again under my breath. And so the trial began.

The start was propitious for the defense. Three of the jurymen confessed to almost total ignorance of postal orders. This being a larger proportion than I had dared to hope for, I made no challenges. The first twelve men were accepted by both sides.

The post-office clerk blundered honestly, on cross-examination, stating that a postal order could be cashed only at the office on which it was drawn. The prosecution hastily re-examined the witness, and, under proper guidance, he volubly asserted that orders were often cashed by the office issuing them. I attempted to read him the postal regulations to see if he had obeyed them. Particularly I was interested in the one providing that when "in rare instances" an order was presented to the office of issue the clerk should take extraordinary precautions to identify the payee or to verify any indorsements.

Here the Government strenuously objected both to the evidence and to my retort that apparently the Government regarded the orders of the Postmaster-General as irrelevant in this case because they had been disobeyed. Eventually I was permitted to read the regulations to the jury.

The prosecution made out a clear case of the cashing of a forged order by Mulraney, but made no effort to prove that he had forged it or procured the forgery.

I gave my client a last chance to avoid the witness stand, but he was determined. Indeed, his story, with all its dangerous admissions, gave us the only chance for a defense. We had no other witnesses.

Mulraney stumbled amateurishly to the witness stand and mumbled the oath. There was little of dramatic effect in the ceremony. No newspaper photographer requested permission to take a picture for the "Early Home Edition." There was no surging crowd on the public benches. Worst of all, there was no sharpening of pencils at the stenographer's table. Only Mulraney's brother in the rear of the room edged forward in his chair, nervously biting at his finger nails.

Mulraney told his story huskily but straightforwardly. Furthermore, he told it to the jury, as I had instructed, and not to the judge or to the prosecutor, as is customary with

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embarrassed witnesses. The simple narrative was soon completed, almost word for word as I had heard it first. I started a series of questions designed to bring out his unfamiliarity with money orders. They were carefully worked out questions entirely relevant and material. The intent of the accused is a decisive factor in practically all criminal cases. I was trying to show the lack of intent from the lack of any knowledge on which to base intent. This was the sole defense possible to Mulraney, and to my mind it was a meritorious defense. To write another man's name is not a forgery. Nor, if a man scrawls another's name on the back of a check, which he thinks is a piece of blank paper, can he be properly convicted of forgery after a third person had cashed the check. To cash a bad check thinking it to be good is not a crime. To cash a bad check with intent to defraud is a crime. So all through the criminal law the intent is of paramount importance.

But the prosecutor objected to my questions. What proper purpose could they have?

I explained that I wished to show the man so ignorant of postal orders as to be incapable of the necessary criminal intent in his actions.

Did the judge overrule the objection with that impartial respect for precedent which so adorns the bench and mollifies even the sacred right of appeal? No, he did not.

His Honor remarked in a loud and emphatic tone:

"Objection sustained. This is as bald a case of forgery as I have ever seen!"

To which remark the young counsel for the defense, with cheeks white and hands trembling with impotent anger, replied:

"I object most respectfully but most earnestly to the remarks of the Court in the presence of the jury. Furthermore, I insist upon calling your Honor's attention to the fact that the Government did not even attempt to prove the defendant guilty of forgery. I protest against a conviction by the Court."

"Procuring a forgery is the same as forgery," interjected Mr. Walker.

"Nor did you attempt to prove that," I retorted.

"The defendant's own statement proved that," said the Court.

"Then I suggest," was my response, "that inasmuch as you rely on the defendant's own frank statement for proof of what he did with the order, that his own statement of his familiarity with money orders may also be received in evidence. I suggest that it is difficult for a man to intend the result of an act when he is entirely ignorant of what the result of the act will be."

"'A man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his acts,' announced the judge, oracularly.

"And therefore evidence must be admissible to prove that the presumption is incorrect," I snapped back. My small store of self-control was almost gone.

"The act itself is the best proof," replied his Honor, utilizing that circular reasoning which is the delight of mechanical minds. "Furthermore," he continued, "I don't care to hear any more argument. Objection sustained."

I sat down in my chair and fumbled papers for five minutes. I figured that I needed a chance to cool down and that a rest wouldn't do any harm to the Court.

At last his Honor became impatient.

"Go on with the case," he demanded. "Have you any other witnesses?"

"The defendant himself is the only witness," I said, slowly, rising for a last effort. "The testimony which he would give is crucial. I have spent a great deal of time on this point. I should like to cite some authorities to your Honor."

"It's not necessary," said the Court. "Do you wish to examine further on other points?"

The only chance for Mulraney lay with the jury. A fine for contempt would be as a soothing balm to my inflamed spirit, so I fired my last shot recklessly—at the Court, but facing the jury.

"Since we are not permitted to introduce the only evidence we have, the defense rests."

The Court replied with a back-handed slap:

"Do you care to argue this case?"

The prosecutor leaped to his cue.

"We are willing to waive argument," he said.

The young lawyer for the defendant was trembling again with rage.

"Once more I object most vehemently to the remark of the Court. And, since the verdict lies with the jury, I should like to be permitted at least to argue the case."

"How much time?"

"Under the circumstances, fifteen minutes will be sufficient."

The Government waived the opening. I

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took the postal order—Exhibit 1—and laid it on the edge of the jury box. Mulraney's next two to five years would be determined by my next fifteen minutes. My voice broke with nervousness as I started my plea in an embittered spirit:

"This isn't a serious case, gentlemen. You can see that nobody regards it seriously—except the prisoner. There's no mass of evidence, no debates by eminent attorneys. The Court's time has not been wasted with long legal wrangles. Even the District Attorney doesn't feel it necessary to argue the case. It's all about this little slip of paper. The defendent, according to his own story, got five dollars on it which didn't belong to him. The opposing counsel calls that a crime. Mulraney apparently didn't think it a crime. He didn't run away. He stayed right around where everybody knew him until the officers came for him.

"Of course that was stupid—for a guilty man. Quite natural for an innocent man. Whether Mulraney was guilty or innocent depends, not on what he did, but on what he intended. Every wrong act isn't a crime. The intention with which it was done is the deciding point. The Court will tell you, doubtless, that a man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his acts. That may be. But don't forget that word 'presumed,' gentlemen. If the facts of the case, the defendant's own story, a simple narrative of just what really happened—if these facts and your own common sense tell you that no wrongful act, no criminal wrong, was intended, then that presumption of guilty intent is overthrown."

Then I reviewed carefully Mulraney's story, pointing out how it fitted in with the writing on the postal order, which the jurymen passed from hand to hand. With an eye on the judge, I talked warily about the probability of misunderstanding what was right and wrong in the use of money orders and checks by those unfamiliar with them. I referred to the mistakes which children, and even grown men and women, make in the simplest matters of banking and finance.

"Here is a man," I continued, "who is simply a child in regard to such matters, a worker at odd jobs, living from hand to mouth, who finds what looks to him like five dollars. His supposed friend in the post-office tells him what to do to get the money, and he does what he is told to do with the assistance of another kind of friend. It's just as I said in the beginning, a very trivial affair—all except the penalty—two to five years in the penitentiary! That's not trivial—and that makes your responsibility very heavy. When you are called upon to hold a man guilty of an offense for which a stern judge may sentence him to five years in the penitentiary, I think you have a right, for the sake of your own consciences, to demand evidence on which you can do more than presume him guilty. I think you have the right to know that he is guilty—guilty, not merely of doing a foolish thing, but guilty of intending to do a criminal act."

In this manner I struggled along through my time, a novice in law seeking to teach its complicated principles to my elders. And meanwhile poor Mulraney, a novice in crime, sitting bolt upright in his straight chair and blinking at the jury of his peers, strove vainly to enact the part of misused innocence. His freshly scrubbed face, with its vivid sores, his wet, carefully brushed hair, above all his dog-like air of expecting to be kicked, were obvious blunders. But worst of all his blunders was the empty chair at the stenographer's table. With the right of appeal behind me I should have argued with a light heart. I might have even persuaded Mulraney into an attitude of belligerent integrity. For Mulraney's Constitutional rights had been rudely violated. Had he possessed the proper wealth, he could have been wrapped about in protecting yards and yards of Fourth of July oratory. Volumes conclusively proving his wrongs could have been piled upon the desks of the high court. Newspapers could have been induced to roar editorials over the ursurpation by the Court of the function of the jury. Legal reviews could have been encouraged to denounce the arrogant judge who denied the inherent legal right to rebut any presumption by evidence.

All this might have been—but was not. Mulraney had no money—Mulraney could have no appeal. Sacred rights, even as precious pearls, are for the benefit of those who can afford to pay for them.

The prosecutor's speech was brief but forcible. The judge would tell the jury the law. It was their duty to obey the law—that is, to obey what the judge told them was the law.

The judge was very impressive, dignified, and authoritative. The jury was advised to remember that the amount didn't count. It made no difference whether a prisoner had taken five dollars or five million. The prin-

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ciple was the thing. If he had taken that which did not belong to him, he should be punished. Especially if he had taken it from his Government.

I had a sudden vision of a parade of sleek tax-dodgers, of respectable smugglers, of timber thieves, of coal-land pirates, of water-power monopolists, men of vast wealth, taking millions that didn't belong to them from their Government. How many were in jail?

Then the Court finished by reiterating that hoary falsehood, evolved by some case-hardened pseudo-logician of remote ages and reverentially transmitted by generations of brain-fagged lawyers: "A man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his acts."

The jury retired. I didn't dare to talk to Mulraney, who sat disconsolately doubled up in his chair. His poor play-acting hour had passed. I sat musing over that final judicial untruth. Suppose Mulraney was convicted, wrongfully. Suppose his years in prison killed his chance in life. He was not yet beyond redemption. After a penitentiary term there would not be much left for salvage. If the judge and jury intended the natural consequences of *their* acts, they would be responsible for Mulraney's ruined life in the final Court of Appeal!

A kindly man gives a beggar a quarter. The beggar is an obvious cocaine fiend. He buys his drug and dies. Has the kindly gentleman committed murder?

In most of the discretionary acts of life the natural consequences are quite different from one's expectations—because one is ignorant of all the factors in the problem. The very rarity of success indicates that the great majority of people in a majority of instances do not intend the natural consequences of their acts.

The jury was out nearly an hour. The clerk gossiped with me about it.

"After that charge by the Court I didn't suppose they'd be out five minutes. I wonder what they are talking about."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "they are discussing the natural consequences of their acts."

"You seem sore," he remarked.

"Oh, not at all," I replied. "I'm an officer of court. I'm not interested in the case. I'm only the prisoner's lawyer. I tell him what his Constitutional rights are, so that he will know when they are violated. It doesn't do him any good here. But it gives him something to talk about in jail."

The jury filed in.

"Guilty on all three counts," was the verdict.

Mulraney gasped—a painful sound in the still court-room.

Judicially speaking, the verdict was absurd. There was no evidence presented on the forgery charge except evidence to prove it false.

I touched Mulraney's shaking shoulders. I was glad that I could not see his face. My eyes were blurred with anger and vain regrets.

"It's no use to argue for a new trial," I told him. "Waive that, and maybe you'll get the minimum sentence."

"Go ahead," he whispered. With the aid of his guard he stumbled up to the bar.

"Two years at hard labor on each count," announced the judge.

"Concurrently," I suggested. That would mean only two years altogether.

"Concurrently, of course," said the Court. "Sentences always run concurrently unless otherwise ordered."

Mulraney was led away to experience the natural consequences of his act—a result which he is legally presumed to have intended. The process of the law, the power of the court, and the protection of the Constitution had all been invoked to do his will, and, finally, the accused had enjoyed his right of trial by jury. Thus justice had been done.

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE OVERTURE OF WAR AS HEARD IN WALL STREET

THE French astronomer M. Camille Flammarion once wrote a fanciful story of the destruction of all human life as a result of the collision of the earth with a gaseous comet, the poisonous fumes of which asphyxiated all animate beings. The approach of the comet had been observed by scientists who predicted with certitude the day and minute of its arrival and its deadly consequences.

At first the scientific predictions were unheeded, but as night by night the increasing brilliancy of the comet in the heavens was observed, people became at first curious, then apprehensive, and finally frenzied, as the fear of universal death took hold upon them.

During the last few days of human existence upon the earth, when the accuracy of the scientific predictions had come to be generally admitted, men and women became as beasts in their efforts to escape death. All the self-control that centuries of civilization had taught was abandoned. Every semblance of unselfish consideration for others disappeared and the instinct of self-protection alone survived, to assert itself with indescribable horror.

The agonizing suspense of the last two days that preceded the final catastrophe, the conflict between hope and despair, the desire to believe that escape from death could in some way be found despite the hourly increasing certitude of its arrival, are pictured by Flammarion as far more distressing than the fatal end.

Any one who had to do with the financial markets of the world during the seven days of the week ending August 1 will find in Flammarion's story of the end of the world much that will recall his own emotional experiences.

When the news of Austria's ultimatum to Servia was first received on Friday, the 24th of July, the European stock exchanges were thrown into great excitement, but in America, where the entanglements of the triple alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, the dual alliance between France and Russia, and the triple *entente* between Russia, France, and England were less well understood, the possible consequences of a war between Austria and Servia were not so promptly appreciated. There was, moreover, a deep-seated belief on this side the Atlantic that actual hostilities would in some way be averted. During Friday and Saturday, therefore, the American markets stood up fairly well under the flood of orders to sell American securities which Europe cabled here because it was soon found that of all its investments "Americans" were the most salable. Even on Monday the hope of a pacific solution persisted because of the efforts that the English Government was making toward that end. By Tuesday, however, Austria had declared war on Servia, the German Emperor had announced that his treaty with Austria prevented his participation in the proposed peace conference, although he professed sympathy with it, and it was reported that Russia was mobilizing her army.

Meantime the European exchanges were rapidly closing. Trading was officially suspended on the stock exchanges of Vienna, Budapest, and the Coulisse in Paris on Monday, and by Wednesday evening the bourses of Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Havre, St. Petersburg, and the stock exchanges of Liverpool, England, and Montreal and Toronto, Canada, were also officially closed, while in London and Berlin trading was practically suspended by tacit agreement.

Outside of the United States, the Liverpool Cotton Exchange was the only one of the world's great markets in which active trading was possible. British consols had fallen to 69½, the lowest price in almost a century, and even at that figure the quotation was said to be "nominal." Numerous failures were reported from London and elsewhere in Europe, two of the largest banks in France were said to be in trouble, and "runs" were starting on many others in various parts of the Continent.

Thus it came to pass that securities or commodities which could be sold in America were the only convertible assets that Europe owned, and during the first four days of the week there converged upon the New York Stock Exchange a larger volume of selling orders for account of bona-fide investors than was ever before known. Prices rapidly re-

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ceded, no failures occurred, and the American public, urged thereto by many newspapers, bought in both large and small lots vast quantities of the good securities which Europe in her necessity was throwing overboard.

But the people abroad who were selling these securities were selling them for one reason only. They wanted the money for them, and they wanted it remitted instantly either by cable or good bills of exchange on London, Paris, or Berlin. Here again a new difficulty arose. American credit balances in Europe were speedily exhausted, and bankers could not draw bills or make cable transfers unless they were able immediately to ship gold against them. The United States Treasury was ready to exchange legal tenders for gold in any amount, but the gold had to be insured against loss and the risks of war or seizure while in transit. The insurance companies, which already had large amounts at risk on gold afloat, began to refuse further indemnity except at rates previously unheard of. One to one and one-half per cent was demanded to insure the safe and prompt delivery in London of gold shipped by steamers crossing the Atlantic in five or six days. The result was a complete embargo in the exchange market. Five dollars per pound sterling was gladly paid for demand bills on London, and cable transfers, when they could be had, sold at $5.25 to $5.50.

French exchange was even dearer, and it is reported that it cost at the rate of one dollar for four francs to buy a cable transfer payable in Paris.

Some idea of what these rates meant will be had when it is remembered that, weight for weight in gold, $4.86½ is equal to the English sovereign, and $1 to 5.18 francs.

At $5.50 per pound sterling, it cost approximately 14 per cent to transfer money from New York to London, and at four francs for $1 about 21 per cent to make the transfer from New York to Paris. Such rates had never previously been known since the opening of the Atlantic cables first made it possible to transfer credits across the ocean by telegraph.

But this was not the only way in which the machinery of international credit was disorganized. American exports of merchandise, such as cotton, grain, and provisions, are nearly all financed by sixty-day bills drawn on and accepted by European banks and merchants. It was speedily realized that in event of war between all the Great Powers the drawees and acceptors of such bills might not be able to meet them, and no one would buy them. Thus America was confronted with a situation in which it seemed quite possible that it might be called upon to meet all its liabilities in gold, pay for the millions of its securities hitherto held by Europe in gold, and find itself unable to offset these enormous payments by realizing upon its exportable surplus of agricultural produce.

To add to the consternation, Dr. Carl Richet, a statistician of the University of Paris, was quoted as estimating the cost of a war involving Germany, England, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Servia at $55,000,000 per day; this would make its total cost if it lasted two years about forty billion dollars, which sum exceeds the national debt of all the world at present. His estimate is interesting. He assumes that twenty million men would be called to arms, of whom one-half would be sent to the front.

On this basis he calculates that the daily expenditure of the seven Powers would be as follows:

Provisioning of troops	$12,500,000
Feeding of horses	1,000,000
Pay	4,250,000
Wages, arsenals, and harbors	1,000,000
Mobilization	2,000,000
Transport of foodstuffs, weapons, etc.	4,000,000
Ammunition—	
Infantry	4,000,000
Artillery	1,250,000
Ship artillery	375,000
Fitting out of army	4,000,000
Ambulance service	500,000
Movement of ships	500,000
Deficit in taxes	10,000,000
Support for population without means	6,750,000
Requisitions, damage to towns, bridges, etc	2,000,000
Total	$54,125,000

This estimate apparently makes no allowance for naval expenses or the indirect loss and waste of war, and it was plausibly increased to figures even more unthinkable, which were impressed upon the financial mind by the statement that between the Austrian ultimatum and the succeeding Thursday evening the stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway had depreciated in value by $33,000,000, and the shares of the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain $18,750,000.

It is impossible even to approximate the

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sum represented by the depreciation of other securities, but it probably aggregated many billions of dollars.

In the same time the prospective value of the American cotton crop was reduced by over a cent a pound, or nearly $100,000,000. The price of coffee declined about two cents a pound, and the market for wheat, true to its traditions in war times, advanced nearly ten cents a bushel, upon the theory that Russian exports of grain would be estopped and that all the farmers of Europe would quit agriculture, go to fighting, and have to be fed.

All this happened upon the mere anticipation of a general war, and almost before the news of the first encounter between Austria and Servia had been received.

While there were some who recognized that Austria was the only nation that really wanted to fight, that the German Emperor was valiantly working to maintain peace, and that the enormous depreciation in values and terrible dislocation of credit that had occurred upon the mere fear of a general war was an argument of constantly increasing power against it, the majority of people became the victims of their fears or their necessities and acted upon the assumption that civilization was to be set back centuries by a conflict immense beyond the power of the imagination to picture or words to describe.

On Friday morning the cables announced that the German Emperor had issued an ultimatum to Russia, and the London Stock Exchange was officially closed to further business. Fast upon this came the news of German and French mobilization. Then, and not till then, did the New York Stock Exchange determine to close its market. At 9:45 it was announced that it would not open. The Coffee Exchange did the same thing. The managers of the New York Cotton Exchange were foolhardy enough to hope that its complicated machinery could withstand the strain, and allowed it to remain open until 11:16; but after three or four firms had failed and prices had declined nearly one and one-half cents per pound trading was officially suspended. The Liverpool market was also closed.

The Chicago Board of Trade of all the great markets of the world alone remained open.

The bankers and the Government then, and not until then, commenced to turn their attention to finding some way to check the outflow of gold.

Had conditions been reversed, foreign bankers and governments would doubtless have taken such action to protect their gold reserves much sooner. American pride in our debt-paying power probably led us unwisely to delay adopting reasonable measures of self-protection. By Saturday, however, the reserves of the New York banks were far below the statutory requirement and conservative action became imperative. Just what course will be pursued has not been decided as I write. In effect it will probably be a moratorium in so far as the debts due by America to Europe are concerned.

Usually these debts are paid by our autumnal exports of cotton and grain. Now the shipments cannot be made because the vessels are not to be had, and it would be suicidal for us to permit Europe in its madness to take all our gold.

From Friday morning the news continued to grow more alarming. By Saturday evening it seemed as if every nation of Europe except Italy had declared war.

As a matter of fact, but little is definitely known. The curtain of military censorship has been drawn across the lines of telegraphic vision, and we only know that a conflict which was unthinkable seems to be impending. For the time being nearly every form of property except perhaps newspaper extras, is unsalable, and these are bought only because of the excitement, for no one believes what is published.

Apparently the world is about to revert to primeval chaos and the reconstruction of civilization will have to be undertaken *de novo*. The writer is one of the few left who still have the optimism to believe that the unthinkable in human affairs is impossible, and that the demoralization already induced by the war which, though declared, has not as yet commenced, has set in motion influences which will prevent actual hostilities.

We have often seen men stop fighting after the first preliminary scuffle, and nations and armies are but men in the mass.

If the impossible shall occur, and twenty million troops in Europe are kept fighting to the death, monarchical government will of course be at an end, and the word Finis can be written at the close of the chapter which describes the conflict that seems to be impending.

Meantime, while we wait the issue in suspense, sympathizing with the unfortunates of Europe who either by habits of obedience or

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under compulsion are being unwillingly driven to kill each other, the blessedness of being Americans must be the thought that gives us the greatest satisfaction.

For a time the reflex of European madness will disorganize our credit machinery and make our property unsalable, but in the end it will induce a wider acceptance of the religion of democracy, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of the world.

THE SPECTATOR

PICKING up a London paper lately, the Spectator lighted on a report of a speech by a noted English alienist attributing the appalling increase in insanity not to the cruel complexity of modern society nor to economic stress, but to the deadly monotony of life in flats. The Spectator suffered a spasm of concern. What a lookout for America if the flat should turn out indeed a way station to the madhouse! Personally he has no experience of life in layers; but out in Suburbia a whimsical young friend of his is qualifying for the title Philosopher of the Air-shaft. All phases of canned domesticity are known to this fledgling O. Henry, whose cheerful typewriter has ticked under almost as many roofs as it has ivories in its keyboard. From him the Spectator gets singular side-lights upon the delights of pueblo-dwelling. Many-sided, it would appear, colorful, stimulating, gregarious—but *monotonous!* Of course he is not so dense as not to see what the eminent Briton is driving at. Flat-dwellers—the women, that is—have not enough to do. Beyond conscientious nagging of the janitor and the running of one small maid, everything is done for them. Unless they have big outside interests they are reduced theoretically to Laura Jane Libbey and caramels.

No Sherlock Holmes is needed to discover that the alienist in question never adventured on life in a New York apartment, never crossed swords with the bellicose and tyrannous apartment elevator-boy, else he would babble less wildly of monotony. Hear this tale. The Newly-Weds, from Buffalo, settling in a desirable though not palatial Manhattan suite, applied at an agency for a neat-handed Phyllis to amuse herself with the toy housework. Nobody applied. Reproached, telephonically, the agents deposed that several likely maids had taken the address, promising to try for the place. However, days went by without an applicant, and, tired of waiting for interviews that never came off, Madam went round in person to expostulate. "Why aren't you at home once in a while if you want a maid?" snapped the girl at the desk. "You missed another perfect treasure yesterday because the flat was closed."

Sorely mystified, the luckless bride foreswore the open air altogether; yet the bewitching crisp caps and aprons she had laid in waited a full week longer before a real pretender for them knocked at the door. Red of face, determined of eye, and somewhat "slantendicular" as to hat, Miss Mar-r-ry Mahoney arrived considerably out of breath. "Bless yer innocent heart," she panted. "Ye *niver* fixed th' ilivathur bye! It's fer throwin' me out, he was. But Oi know thim byes. Seein' be th' cock o' his oiye ye was in, I bided me toime and slipped up! An' ye on the sivinth flure!" It was even so. Mrs. Newly-Wed convinced herself by experiment that unless she "fixed" the autocrat of the vestibule she was as inaccessible on her seventh floor as the Princess on the Glass Hill. Bluster as she might in the privacy of her own suite about the sacred rights of American citizens, if she really wanted a maid her shortest course was to fee said autocrat to get her one. Monotony? To those who come fresh to New York apartments life is one long surprise.

However, it was not of New York that the Spectator meant to gossip. He carried the monotony-mad theory straight out to that younger brother in letters referred to above as the Philosopher of the Air-shaft. A neat little bachelor apartment has the philosopher. As he proudly showed his guest about, demonstrating how each article of furniture folded up and turned into something else, he boasted that he had even a brand of folding mosquito for use in flats, its legs and wings so constructed that it can negotiate the finest screen ever conceived. Confronted with the British

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alienist's views, his eyes opened out of all proportion to the size of his snuggery. "Monotony!" he shouted. "That man's not an alienist; he's mad! Why, where else under the canopy will he find so rich a field for the study of the infinite variety of human nature? The universe in microcosm, society in cross-section—that's what you get in these great domestic blocks. The boarding-house won't serve your turn, even if boarding-houses had not gone their way into the past, for that sort of life is too artificial, begetting in those who live it various mental twists. Neither would the crowded tenement yield normal impressions, for there, I suppose, nobody has elbow-room enough to express himself. But apartment blocks! They are veritable observation hives with the bees quite normally engrossed in their own peculiar pursuits and quite unconscious of watchful philosophical eyes!"

"But," objected the Spectator, by way of egging him on, "is it possible you *know* your neighbors?" He smiled. "Not a calling acquaintance in the block. But, I assure you, that doesn't interfere with my observations; facilitates them, in fact. Remember the air-shaft. Thursday night I was concocting a soothing nightcap in my kitchenette, when from above floated down a mellifluous voice, 'Wait a minute, Henry! Baby's coming down to meet you!' I give you my word, I don't ordinarily rubber. But even a philosopher may look at a baby. I opened my door a crack and applied my eye. Queer stumblings and scramblings on the stairs, encouraging exhortations from above, and then round the corner of the landing smiled the impertinent 'mug' of a perky little Boston terrier! *Baby* going to meet Daddy! Ugh! I'm afraid I slammed my door."

He lighted a consolatory cigar (or was it fumigatory?) before proceeding. "You didn't happen to glance up at the window beside the street door as you came in?" The Spectator avowed he had, and that he had seen the curtains part an inch in the grasp of a wrinkled hand. The philosopher nodded. "Always so. The poor old soul who inhabits that suite quite alone burns, I gather, in a perpetual fever of half-sated curiosity. Nothing escapes her eyes or the keen little opera-glass with which she lengthens the range of her vision. Which teaches us that human nature reacts to isolation much the same on the fringes of the metropolis as in a lonely New England hill town. I've made advances to that old lady, but she's sadly suspicious. Her sole confidant is the janitor, to whom she chatters while he polishes brasses or mops the vestibule. The other day as I was going out I heard her condemning the householder over the way for extravagance in the matter of early asparagus caught going in in the grocer's basket. She thinks she knows us all in this packed house, our upstandings and our downsittings, and has her neat theories of the springs that work us, every one. But if her notions could be disclosed, great would be the scandal in this abode of many. 'The baby in the Baker suite kept me awake all night,' I hear her complaining to the janitor as I descend the stair. 'Ain't no baby there,' objects the patient mopper. 'You tell *me!*' snorts the indignant old lady, and I hear a door clap to with scathing emphasis. If I knew all that's in the back of her head, I'd have material for a dozen ripping fiction stories."

"Then there's the basement," he went on, crossing his unnecessarily long legs cautiously to avoid demoralizing the furniture. "You've no idea what curious things you run into while delving among the trunks and stuff in your apartment storeroom. One day, when I had just precipitated an avalanche of paper boxes on my devoted head, a voice was heard at the door asking if I was hurt. The most amazing old oddity stood there blinking into the half-dark place, a big leather-covered book under his arm. When he found I was intact and had helped to brush off the dust, he proceeded to display his treasure, unearthed in a neighboring storeroom—a Bible with Apocrypha attached! Little guessing what I did, I asked a careless question, unleashing instantly the torrential furies of his eloquence. The man was of some queer sect or other, had been a street preacher, and before I could blink he had me pinned against a whitewashed wall with apocalyptic thunders crackling round my ears, while he demonstrated out of Esdras, Daniel, and Revelation the certainty that the world is coming to an end in 1914. I only got loose when the tenant appeared who had hired the old fellow to clean out her storeroom, said tenant appearing to think I had wantonly trained the aged orator from his work. I wouldn't risk it again; but anybody would

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brave the horrors of a storeroom full of literary junk for one such bout with an old gem of a character like that."

The Spectator agreed, and then looked up wonderingly as he found his friend slipping into his hand a little morocco edition of "The Tempest." "I'll wager," the philosopher was saying, "that you can't find the place in that play where Shakespeare, who never saw a flat, hits off neatly the perennial peace-disturber of suite-dwellers!" The Spectator rummaged a bit, hazarded a guess that it was where Ariel is pinned in the tight cleft of the cloven pine (which wasn't well received), and then gave up. Exultantly the philosopher laid finger on the line, Act II, Scene 1:

"Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores."

Turning, open-mouthed, the Spectator caught the philosopher's relishing twinkle. "Clever chap, Shakespeare," he remarked. "Yes, as you are about to say, right through these massive walls, and this house is as well built as most. At present there is on in this house what I prefer to dignify by the title the Wars of the Noses. The Fourth Floor Back, being but a delicate sleeper, stands no sort of chance unless he can beat the man under him to the arms of Morpheus. Once safe locked in them, thunders cannot rouse him. Only, while wooing the god of dreams he must needs have the hush of an old-fashioned nursery. So on nights when he comes out by the last car to find the fog-horn blaating steadily below stairs he is constrained to take measures. Rapping on the floor with a tack-hammer in a selected spot just over the sleeper's head, he listens till active retaliation with a broom-stick on the ceiling convinces him that his tormentor is broad awake. Then into bed he pops and 'beats it' for slumberland, lulled by the Christian thought that he has made the other fellow as miserable as the other fellow made him. The only flaw in the arrangement is that sometimes the other fellow gets real mad and keeps up an intermittent fusillade of boots and things, robbing the innocent tenants on that side of the building of rest for hours at a stretch. Several have threatened to break their leases unless truce is declared between the nightly combatants. Others demand that the two be haled into the courtyard to fight the thing to a finish, and I don't think they care particularly which is dropped, snor*er* or snor*ee*. If the single combat comes off, I'll let you know. This isn't by any means our only house feud. I see you are fidgeting about your car or I'd tell about the soft-hearted lady who keeps a café for squirrels in her kitchenette, but pours down boiling water on the cocky little Boston terrier of another tenant when he barks at her squirrels. Well, if you *must* go, go convinced that that Briton you quoted is just an ignorant ass."

Now of course the Spectator wouldn't subscribe to anything so rude. But he feels satisfied that if American flat-dwellers take out commitment papers it won't be for lack of spice, including cayenne, in the life.

THE NEW BOOKS

ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN AMERICA[1]

Because of its application to present-day American tendencies, Signor Ferrero's latest book seems practically interesting. In previous volumes this historian of Rome has told us about "The Empire Builders," "Julius Cæsar," "The Fall of an Aristocracy," "Rome and Egypt," and "The Republic of Augustus." Now we have from him a comparative study of the manners and morals of ancient Rome and modern America.

[1] Ancient Rome and Modern America. By Guglielmo Ferrero. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Some of the phases of American life are closer to those of old Rome than we think; indeed, the author affirms that in ancient civilizations he finds phenomena not found in European present-day civilizations. And yet these are features of our American civilization. It is thus worth while to call attention to some Roman tendencies and their duplications in contemporary America.

Take the subject of elections, for instance. Here we find a close connection between old Rome and modern America. In the ancient world, says Signor Ferrero, there was no bureaucratic organization in any of the Græco-Asiatic monarchies founded by Alex-

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ander or in the latest period of the Roman Empire which could be considered to resemble that which flourishes in Europe to-day; in the most splendid moments of Greek and Roman history, he adds, we find states in which all the public functions, even the executive ones, were elective, so that they all changed periodically according to the preferences of an electoral body. At the present time in most of Europe the people elect only consultative and legislative bodies. The executive power remains to a great extent independent of the people, and there is a professional bureaucracy whose members cannot be changed from day to day. In America, on the other hand, the executive and many public offices intrusted in Europe to the professional bureaucracy are elective.

A second resemblance exists as regards the judiciary—a feature which we vainly search for in contemporary Europe—namely, the right of injunctions. Says Signor Ferrero:

> The injunction is nothing else than the edictum of the Roman magistrate; the power, that is to say, which the Roman magistrate possessed, and which the American magistrate, maybe in a less degree, possesses, of making good with his personal authority the lacunæ and deficiencies in the law, on every occasion when public order or the principles of justice seemed to demand it urgently. In the eyes of ancient Rome, the magistrate was not only, as in the bureaucratic states of Europe, the cautious and impartial servant and executor of the law. He was also the living personification of the State and of the general interest, invested with full powers of exercising his own judgment, over and above the laws, on behalf of the State and of the general interest, when the law was found wanting.

A third resemblance has to do not with elections or the judiciary but with society, and that is a resemblance between Rome and America as regards the munificence of the donations of wealthy men to the public. In the Europe of to-day large fortunes may be numerous, but rich men there seem more selfish in the enjoyment of their riches than are rich men in America, where our families of great wealth "feel it incumbent on them as a social duty to spend a part of their substance on the people; to encourage education and culture, to bestow benefactions, to help the more needy classes, and to assist with their purses the public authorities in the execution of their functions." If our millionaires have but few imitators in Europe in this respect, they can, avers Signor Ferrero, boast numberless forerunners in the history of Greece and Rome. The Roman Emperor himself was, at first at any rate, only the most generous and the best known of these rich donors—a kind of Carnegie, Morgan, and Rockefeller of the Empire.

A fourth resemblance may be found in the excessive organization which characterized the Roman Empire and which is beginning to characterize America. Little by little, as Signor Ferrero says, the Roman cities and their increasing luxury outdistanced the fertility of the countryside. It began to be depopulated and sterilized by the cities. With each succeeding generation the impulse towards the cities became stronger. Signor Ferrero thus proceeds:

> One day the Empire awoke to find that its cities were swarming with beggars, idlers, vagabonds, masons, plasterers, sculptors, painters, dancers, actors, singers—in short, the whole tribe of the artisans of pleasure and of luxury. But in the fields, which were expected to feed all these men who had crowded into the cities to work or to idle, there was a dearth of peasants to cultivate the land. Also, with the disappearance of the rural population, the problem of recruiting the army, which drew its soldiers then, as always, from the country, became increasingly serious. While the cities tricked themselves out with magnificent monuments, the Empire was threatened with a dearth of bread and of soldiers.

Another resemblance between old Rome and new America is the rise in the cost of living. With the increase in wealth there is no proportionate increase in the productiveness of the land. Concerning this, we are warned that "in no country is this phenomenon more apparent and interesting than in the United States. . . . Precisely on this account ought the lesson, with which the history of the fall of the Roman Empire is pregnant, to be read and pondered."

A further lesson to be learned by us moderns is not to mistake the external manifestations of wealth and power for signs of real wealth and power. The time of Rome's greatest splendor was the middle of the fourth century, and yet her decadence was then already far advanced. How much smaller, more simple and modest was she, comments Signor Ferrero, in the first century! Then she was really at her most flourishing epoch. The author concludes:

> Ostentation, display, the doing on a grand scale everything, even what might be done on a small scale without detriment or even advan-

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tageously, are signs of decadence rather than of progress. . . .

Let us search our own consciences. Can we honestly declare that our epoch is untainted by this mania for grandeur and display, this spirit of sterile public and private rivalry, which caused the ancient Roman Empire to squander such vast treasures, and cloaked its fatal decadence with a vesture of splendor? . . .

Whoever casts his eyes around him, in America as well as in Europe, sees this impression gaining ground on all sides and acquiring force. It fouls the stream of politics, religion, literature, philosophy, and art. It corrupts or transforms the spirit of the upper as well as of the lower classes. Not only that, but there is a prevailing tendency to consider this impression a sign of force, a proof of greatness and of progress. The history of Rome admonishes us, then, to distrust this illusion.

As to the resemblance in wealth between Rome and America, the Roman Empire was to the ancients marvelously wealthy because, as the author reminds us, they had never yet seen greater wealth. But what was the Empire's wealth compared to that of America? One of Signor Ferrero's striking observations gives an idea of the difference:

We are justified in deducing . . . that in the most flourishing and wealthy centuries the budget of the Empire, the sum total, that is, of all the items of expenditure which the central government at Rome had to meet—expenditure on the most important public services of so immense an empire, which comprised the whole basin of the Mediterranean and a large part of Europe, Asia, and Africa—fell short, far short, of the municipal budget of the city of New York.

Wealth is power, and in our case means economic superiority. What will be the effect of this economic superiority? inquires the author, adding, in the same breath, that riches may be the goal of an individual's efforts; for a nation, however, they can be only the means to conquer the things of life which we call civilization—glory, grandeur, power, beauty, knowledge, moral refinement. Signor Ferrero then asks: Will American riches, too swiftly won, exercise an evil influence in the direction of materialism? We are inclined to agree with his conclusion:

America is neither the monstrous country where men think solely of making money, nor the country of marvels boasted by her admirers. . . . It is not true that America is indifferent to the higher activities of mind, but the effort which she spends upon the arts and sciences is and will long remain subordinate to the great historic task of the United States, the intensive cultivation of a huge continent. Intellectual things will remain subordinate, although very many Americans of the upper classes would wish that it were otherwise.

So much for resemblances. Now for contrasts. The first is with regard to parental authority. Every one knows what that meant in the days of Rome. But in America, according to Signor Ferrero, children apparently take the first chance of escaping from their parents' authority; the younger generation is convinced that it knows more than the older, and it values the older's experience at zero. Traditions are losing their force, declares Signor Ferrero, and academics their prestige. "Every one holds the opinion he likes in religious, artistic, political, and moral questions, just as he is free to regulate his own conduct, at his own risk and apparently as he pleases, with the sole obligation of respecting the limits imposed by the laws." Another American characteristic is what Signor Ferrero calls our "too swift economic development" and "the universal craze for speed." He says:

One day in New York I was praising an example of American architecture to an American architect of great talent. "Yes, yes," he answered, with a touch of satire; "my fellow-countrymen would willingly spend a hundred million dollars to build a church as beautiful as St. Mark's in Venice, but they would command me, as a condition of my undertaking the work, to finish it within eighteen months."

The result of too much speed is that we produce too many things—another characteristic. The ancient Romans had no need to produce much, any more than to produce with great speed. They consumed little, and were content with a life of simplicity. In the modern world the contrary is the case. Says Signor Ferrero: "The quantity of things which modern industry . . . produces is prodigious. No century ever witnessed the realization of the miracle of abundance in a more marvelous way."

Not only is there an excess of quantity, but the quality of the things suffers. Quality and quantity, these are the principles of the two civilizations, ancient and modern. "The ugliness and the crude vulgarity of so many objects which in much poorer times had an elegance and beauty which have now vanished, are the price we pay for the abundance of our times."

Hence another American characteristic—

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superficiality. "The artistic mediocrity of our epoch," declares the author, "is surpassed only by the superficiality . . . of its tastes." Viscount Bryce once said that our two patent National failings were hurry and superficiality. Signor Ferrero says the same, superficiality being due largely to what he calls "the general restlessness of body and mind."

To superficiality there succeeds confusion—first of all, of fashions. "Each succeeding year sees that which used to appear the height of elegance and beauty to its predecessors despised, neglected, and forgotten." Now, the author contends, a civilization cannot deck itself with the beauties of art if it cannot persuade itself to live with a certain simplicity and to work with a certain deliberation.

But confusion may also be intellectual and moral. Signor Ferrero points to the trust issues. How can there be so vast a difference of opinion, he inquires, in an age so intelligent and so educated as ours? The sole reason for the confusion, he answers, is that men employ different and confusing standards in measuring the same thing, and so find it impossible to understand one another. That makes confusion enough!

There is only one possible way of escape from our faults, asserts the author—namely, to impose a reasonable limit to our desires. Yet, in the same breath, Signor Ferrero declares that men will not hear such a method spoken of, and that "to the age in which we live it seems impossible to express an idea seemingly more absurd than this." Is it? Perhaps, and perhaps not. At all events, we must recognize that a civilization intoxicated by the madness of its mere size is in contradiction to a civilization of restraint and quality. Is there a point where these forces may find their equilibrium? There is; and to find it is the task of our time.

Memories of Youth: Things Seen and Known. By Giovanni Visconti Venosta. Translated by William Prall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

As time goes on, Cavour becomes more and more the one great name in modern Italian history. We have now come to know Cavour much more intimately because of William Roscoe Thayer's monumental biography. It is also fortunate that the Memoirs of Giovanni Visconti Venosta (Cavour's friend) have the advantage of an Introduction by Mr. Thayer. The book should make a treble appeal. First, it discloses noteworthy historical matters. Second, it describes social groups and conditions. Third, it unfolds an interesting personality. As to the historical period involved, these Memoirs should be a precious source of information. For it must be remembered that in the making of Italy the final, definitive, and entirely comprehensive history of the great period which closed in 1860—the "Risorgimento"—has not been fully written and cannot be until we have more individual testimony such as this. In this connection we are glad to note that the Italian Government has recently appointed a committee to edit and publish Cavour's papers.

Visconti Venosta was only a boy of fourteen when Pius IX's election, in 1846, kindled a delirium of patriotic hopes. A patriotic drama, therefore, covers the life of Visconti Venosta, and of all the dramas played in Europe as a result of that revolutionary year, 1848, it seems the most interesting. As Mr. Thayer says, if this volume contained no more than the account of the amazing expulsion of Radetzky and his twenty thousand troops from Milan, the historian would cherish it, but it supplies first-hand testimony on many other notable events. As to the description of Italian social groups, particularly of Milanese society, one can hardly believe that all the Lombard nobles, and certainly not all the Italian nobles, matched the Visconti Venostas either in intelligence or in ethical standards. The influence of one such family as this would account for some of the Lombard prominence in the struggle for independence against Austria. This feature of the book is quite as vivid, we are glad to say, as is the feature before mentioned. Finally, as to the personality of the subject of these Memoirs, it may be said at once that Visconti Venosta was a great gentleman. We see before us a character simple, dignified, wholesome, lovable. He must have had great poise and great charm. Though he risked his life for his ideal, yet, as Mr. Thayer says, he had "neither the doctrinaire's rasping iteration nor the fanatic's dehumanizing zeal;" he was in truth what the Italians call *simpatico*, and this, as Mr. Thayer points out, means more than our English "sympathetic." It implies not wit alone or virtue alone or even beauty, but charm, "without which wit and virtue and beauty never can captivate us."

Visconti Venosta was an aristocrat not so much because of birth or environment as because of his own patrician personality. It has been Italy's good fortune that, while to unify the nation she has had to use crude men, like Garibaldi (of whom this volume affords us a capital picture) and Victor Emmanuel II, for instance, other men have ever been at hand to give to Italy the necessary finish. As is appropriate for a history of the Risorgimento, the Memoirs end with the surrender of Gaeta, the departure of the former King of

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Naples, and the proclamation by Parliament of the Kingdom of Italy, with its capital at Rome. Thus was reached the great goal, as Visconti Venosta wrote, of the passionate faith and devotion of a generation.

Hunting in the Arctic and Alaska. By E. Marshall Scull. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $2.50.

An informal but agreeable and sometimes vivacious account of an expedition in search of the big game of the Arctic—polar bear and walrus. The author's route was down the Yukon, through Bering Strait to Herald Island and Siberia, and through Bering Sea to Alaska. This is a new route for hunters. There are many pictures and maps.

Ecuador. By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. (South American Series.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

This volume is specially notable because there has been no authoritative work in English dealing with Ecuador—perhaps the most retrograde of all the South American republics in the advance of civilization. As in Mexico, the laboring classes in general own no land; they are insufficiently clothed; their food is scanty; they live in mud houses; they are subject to epidemics of disease; their education is neglected; and the control of both health and education is in the hands of a small oligarchic, plutocratic class. As elsewhere in Central and South America, the high cost of living is becoming increasingly marked. This, says the author, is due, in part, to high tariffs on imported articles, to the monopoly of the middlemen, and to the excessive cost of transport. These evil conditions exist despite the fact that Ecuador is enormously rich in natural resources and that much land still remains the property of the State.

A particular feature of interest to Americans is Mr. Enock's description of the Galápagos Islands. These islands are near enough to the Panama Canal to form a natural outlying fortification. Thus our possession of them would be a distinct advantage to us. In 1909, according to Mr. Enock's statement, the publication of ex-President García's private papers showed that there had been proposals for the sale of the archipelago to the United States. Two years later there were dealings between President Estrada and the United States for a lease of the islands for a term of ninety-nine years, under a payment of $15,000,000 to Ecuador. Unfortunately, the offer was refused by Ecuador. In view of the Republic's financial condition, an acceptance would have been of advantage to it. The name of the islands is derived from the *galápago*—the giant tortoise. It abounds in the islands, but is now becoming scarcer because of the hunt for the excellent oil it yields and for its flesh and eggs—agreeable articles of food. Mr. Enock's description of the *galápago* would make a graphic little chapter in a boy's book on natural history:

> These reptiles . . . have formed wide-rutted trails in various directions. . . . These "roads" lead generally to the drinking-places, and, as the latter are scarce upon the islands, it follows that many of the tortoise-roads converge upon these points from considerable distances. The drinking-places are generally besieged by fifteen or twenty of the *galápagos*. The tortoise drinks only once in every three or four months, but then with excess, putting its head in the water. A journey from the high pampas to the water-holes takes the tortoise three or four weeks, and some are only able to waddle sixty or seventy yards in a day. They cannot run or defend themselves, and when a human being approaches they retire into their shells, remaining immovable although wounded to death. In the remote highlands of the islands—where, it is said, they live for one hundred years—the *galápagos* are at times enormous, weighing as much as six hundred and ten pounds.

Soul of America (The). By Stanton Coit. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Dr. Coit believes in God, in prayer to God, and in mystic union with God. But his God is simply a name for ideal goodness as the object of supreme desire and endeavor. It exists nowhere but in man, and in man only till death ends his existence. Prayer is to be offered to this "God in man," devotedness to which is the highest patriotism, and also is the only true religion. The redemptive spirit of this higher patriotism is "the Soul of America." Thus would Dr. Coit have Christianity reinterpreted in the light of science and American idealism, and expressed in scientific language and democratic symbol with a new manual of National worship in democratic form.

Apart from his evisceration of the Christian significance of the cardinal terms of spiritual life Dr. Coit's discussion of the essentials of American manhood and womanhood and of the moral mission of our country to the world is both stimulating and instructive.

Vanished Messenger (The). By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. $1.30.

Mr. Oppenheim again exhibits his skill in weaving an exciting plot, and again the background of his story is found in international complications of the great Powers of Europe. The "vanished messenger" is on his way from America, bearing a message from the great money kings of the United States which will surely prevent a threatened war by a coalition of the Great Powers against England. He disappears on a stormy night on which he was expected to cross the Channel to the Continent. What became of him, how nearly he escaped death at the hands of a human monster who plots war and destruction for all the world, and how he was rescued in time to save the situation, make up a story which is not the less thrilling because it is totally improbable. Incidentally there is a love story, but it is of the slightest interest.

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BY THE WAY

Traffic managers and commercial organizations are asked by the railways to co-operate in promoting the most efficient use of freight cars in moving the great crops of the present year. The number of freight cars in the country last year was 2,127,314, an increase over the average of several previous years of about 100,000 cars. The number for each mile of road was 10.03. But still more cars are needed.

Mr. Henry C. Demming, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, writes to us, referring to the finding of life at high altitudes, that he has found tarantulas at an elevation of nearly 13,000 feet, on Babcock Peak in the Rocky Mountains; that at an elevation of 12,200 feet he has seen humming-birds; that he has never seen a snake above 9,500 feet, but that mice and mountain rats are sometimes very numerous at high altitudes. Above the timber line on Babcock Mountain he found a large colony of conies, which "seemed to be identical with the cony of Palestine."

As the reader may not be entirely familiar with the characteristics of the cony, the new Standard Dictionary's description may be quoted: "A daman or hyracoid ungulate, as *Hyrax syriacus*, identified with the cony of the Bible; an ashkoko." This definition may be matched for intelligibility to the ordinary inquirer with that of "crawfish" in the Century Dictionary: "The common name of the small fluviatile long-tailed decapod crustaceans of the genera *Astacus* and *Cambarus*." These definitions may be well enough for scientific purposes; other works describe the cony as a small, burrowing animal, resembling the marmot, found in Asia and America.

A new device enables the kodak-user to write on the edge of the film, at the time of making an exposure, data concerning the taking of the photograph. This will enable the snap-shotter to identify his pictures, and will be of advantage to the professional photographer who uses films.

Red cedar, which has been used for many years as a casing for lead pencils, is diminishing so rapidly that the Forest Service has been experimenting with a substitute. It has decided that juniper is the best wood now available for this purpose, and manufacturers are said to be securing lumber rights in the juniper lands of New Mexico and elsewhere.

A writer on camp life tells in the "National Sportsman" how to cook a steak: On a forked stick place the steak and toast it over the hot, red ashes, turning it quickly. Put it on your tin plate or piece of birch bark; spread on it butter, a little mustard, and salt and pepper. Have your coffee ready and hot, and baste the steak with two or three tablespoonfuls of this, pouring it on the steak; the resulting gravy will be delicious; and when this steak is served with roasted potatoes and hot buttered toast, "you can ask the editor to dinner."

Forecasting the season of 1915 in the automobile industry, "Rider and Driver" says: "We can see the day coming when 10,000 miles will be the average life of tires, and when the cost of upkeep and operation will be reduced to ten cents a mile on a basis of 8,000 miles a year. . . . At present the average cost of operation is from nineteen to forty cents a mile," except in the case of a few "small fours" which touch lower figures.

Apropos of the new theater for the use of the insane in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, a subscriber writes that the New York State hospitals for the insane are all equipped with a similar feature, and that for twenty-five years patients have taken part in the plays presented. To Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, our correspondent says, is due the credit of instituting many such remedial measures in the treatment of the insane.

Mr. Walter Winans, in his recent book on "Animal Sculpture," remarks that some writers on sculpture call the statue of Charles I in Leicester Square, London, "the finest equestrian statue in England." He then comments: "The horse has ridiculous human eyes. He lifts his off fore leg, and yet does not shift his right to his near side, as horses have to do to keep their balance. . . . His tail is stuck in half-way down his quarters." Mr. Winans urges sculptors to resist the tendency to improve upon nature.

In the reminiscences of Tolstoy by his son published in the "Century Magazine" the most remarkable sentence is perhaps this: "During all his [Tolstoy's] lifetime I never received any mark of tenderness from him whatever." Yet his children were devoted to this undemonstrative father.

In what is now known as the Sanford Celery Delta in Florida a thousand acres were sold in 1899 for twenty-five cents an acre. Under cultivation with sub-irrigation, says J. N. Whitner in the "Country Gentleman," some of these lands have since sold for $1,500 an acre. The estimated output of vegetables this season in the Delta will exceed 2,000 car-loads.

Is there no limit to the size of pictures of disagreeable insects that are to be exhibited to readers of a popular magazine? The question is suggested by the proximity of a number of charming pictures of Japanese children, by Eliza R. Scidmore, in the July number of the "National Geographic Magazine," to enormously magnified photographs of a robber fly, a centipede, a dragon-fly and its victim, etc.

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